

STEEL STERLING says: "TAKE A TIP, READ ZIP!"

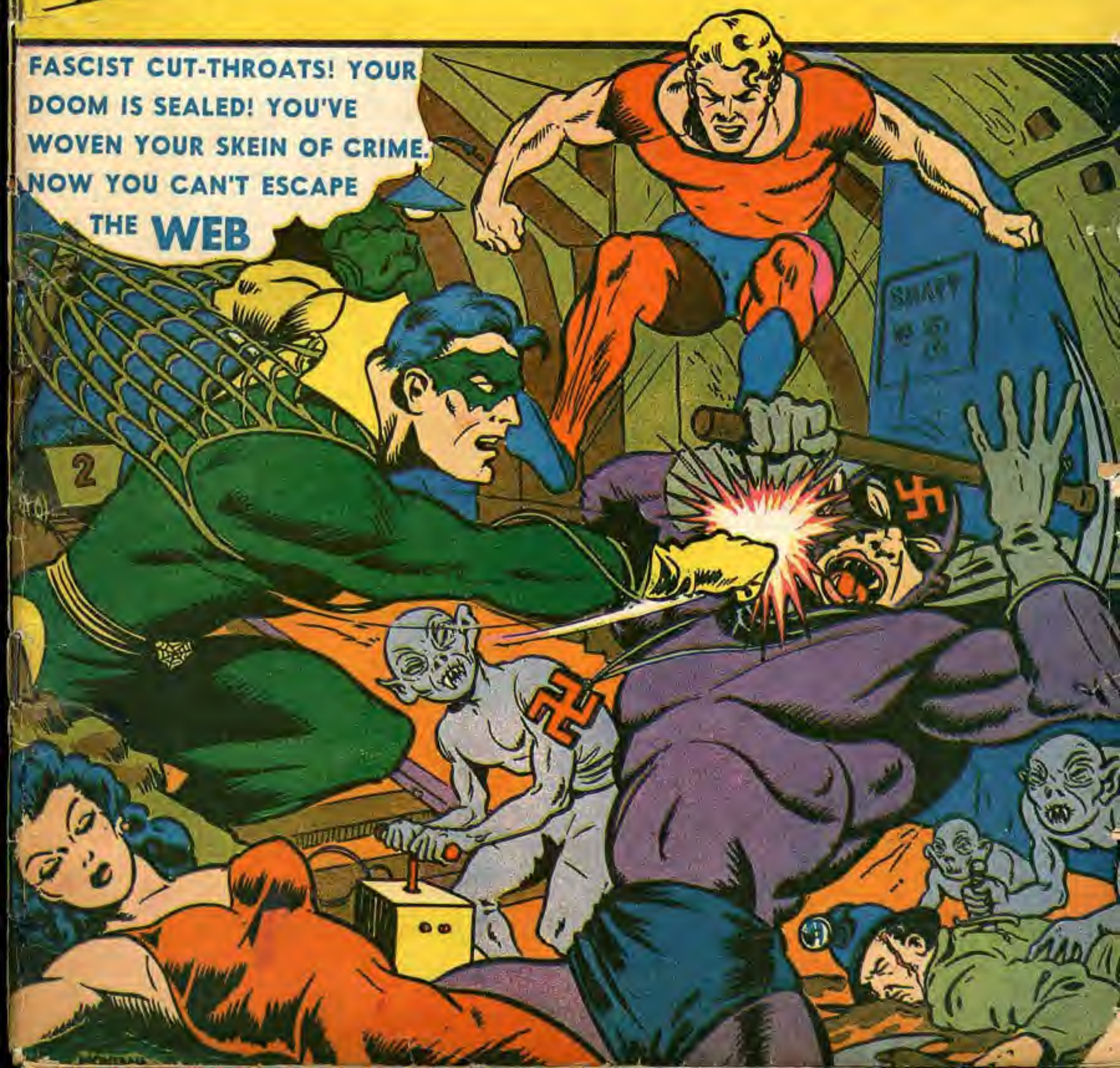
NO.
30

ZIP

COMICS

OCT.
10¢

FASCIST CUT-THROATS! YOUR
DOOM IS SEALED! YOU'VE
WOVEN YOUR SKEIN OF CRIME.
NOW YOU CAN'T ESCAPE
THE **WEB**



**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**

ZIP PROUDLY PRESENTS



THE WEB

There were the shrill agonizing shrieks of humans in terrible suffering and the low piteous moans of those praying for death. And into those CATACOMBS OF HORROR strode THE WEB, one against many, as "DEATH SPANS THE SEAS" Page 3

STEEL STERLING

Lift up your hearts, men of freedom, and sing. Sing the song of THE VAGABOND! Spit on that hate-mad tyrant who may put your flesh in chains—but never your souls. For as long as those apostles of liberty, STEEL STERLING and THE VAGABOND, are with you, in your hearts and on your lips, victory MUST be yours. Page 15

BLACK JACK

Once again BLACK JACK'S destiny is linked with cards. But this time, the cards are stacked against him as he tries to unravel the weird mystery of "THE CARDS READ DEATH." Page 27

WORLD WONDERS

Who has the greatest imagination in the world? None other than mother nature. Just read about some of the things she dreamed up and you'll agree with us. Page 38

WILBUR

An open warning to the teachers of Westfield High School! WILBUR'S RETURNING FROM HIS VACATION! There's still time for you to report to your nearest draft board and join a nice, quiet war! Page 40

"ZOOM" O'DAY

If you like red-blooded flying action and plenty of it; if you like laughs mixed with thrills, then you'll love this zooming, devil-may-care fighting Irish cloud-buster and his sidekick, LIVERLIP! Page 46

ZIP'S HALL OF FAME

Here is the incredible saga of the hero of Wake Island! His deeds will be like a beacon light, shining eternally, guiding the faltering steps of Americans when they are on the verge of losing hope. Page 54

ZAMBINI

Do you believe everything you see? Well, don't! Because the mystic magician has a brand new set of tricks that'll make you rub your eyes and wonder what good they are. Page 61



The WEB

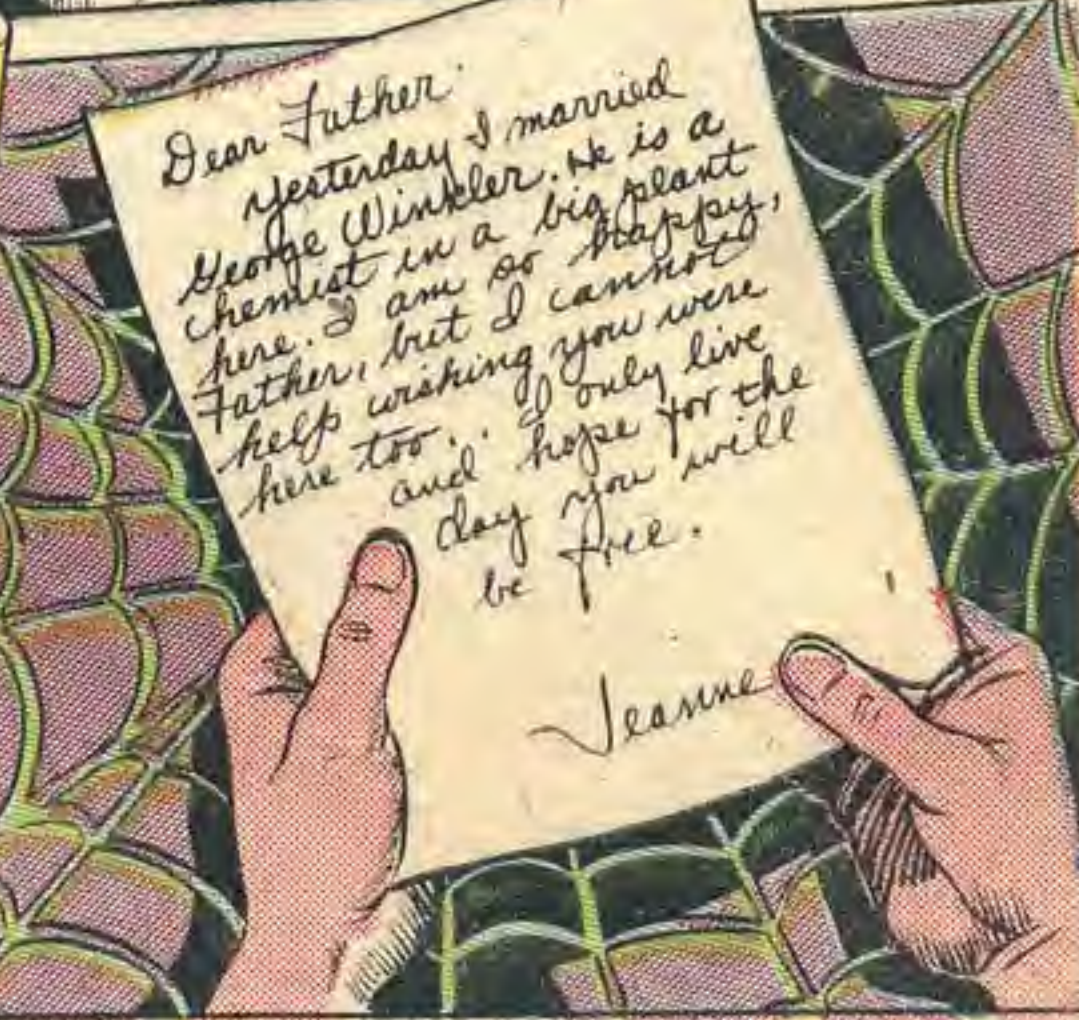
LOOK, TYRANT! LOOK AT THE
SKEINS OF DEATH, DESTRUCTION
AND HORROR YOU HAVE SPUN!
TAKE A GOOD LOOK, BECAUSE
EVERY ONE OF THOSE STRANDS
TIGHTENS THE TRAP YOU HAVE
SPUN AROUND YOURSELF. LOOK
WELL AT **YOUR OWN WEB
OF DOOM!**



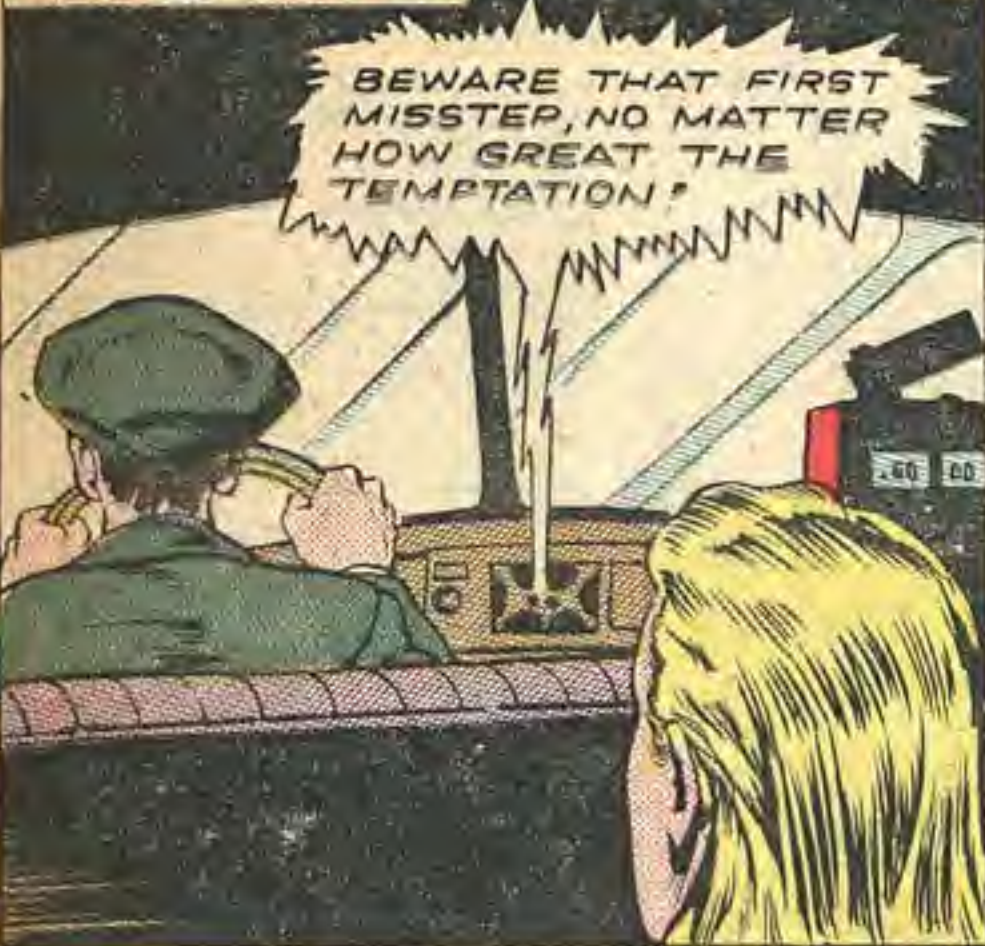
CRIME IS A MONSTROUS SPIDER WEAVING ENDLESS WEBS..DRAWING ITS THREADS FROM THE CORNERS OF THE GLOBE..WEBS THAT SNARE THE WEAVER..THIS IS A TALE OF SUCH A WEB..WATCH AS THE SKEIN BECOMES EVER LARGER UNTIL IT BECOMES A RELENTLESS TRAP..THE FIRST THREAD... HERE IN AMERICA..A HARMLESS SEEMING WEDDING SCENE.



OUR SCENE SHIFTS, AND YET IT IS THE SAME WEB.. THREE THOUSAND MILES AWAY IN A NAZI CONCENTRATION CAMP.



ON A CAB, LISTENING INTENTLY TO PROF. RAYMOND'S WORDS—THE NEWLY MARRIED JEANNE.



BEWARE THAT FIRST MISSTEP, NO MATTER HOW GREAT THE TEMPTATION!

FOR YOU ARE ENMESHING YOURSELF IN A WEB OF DOOM! A WEB FROM WHICH THERE IS NO ESCAPE!



BOY! THAT RAYMOND GUY SURE KNOWS HIS ONIONS, LADY!

OUI, M'SIEUR. PROF. RAYMOND EES WISE MAN! HE HAS HELPED ME MAKE THE MOST IMPORTANT DECISION OF MY LIFE!



AFTER THE GIRL LEAVES, THE DRIVER TURNS, AND...



SAY! LOOK AT THAT! THE DAME'S LEFT SOMETHING ON THE SEAT!

HEY, LADY! LADY, YOU LEFT A LETTER IN MY CAB! HEY!



SOMETIME LATER, AS JOHN RAYMOND RELAXES IN HIS HOME, AFTER THE STRAIN OF BROADCASTING...



WHY, TH-THE THEATRE IS DESERTED! WHAT KIND OF A GAG IS THIS?



SOMEONE'S AT THE DOOR!



MR. RAYMOND? KIN I SEE YA FER JUST A MINUTE?



AND DOWNSTAIRS, UNDER THE THEATRE... NAZIS?

VOT'S DOT NOISE UPSTAIRS? HANS, GO INVESTIGATE, UND TAKE CARL UND ERIC MIT YOU!

AT ONCE, HERR SCHWARTZ!

IF IT'S A SNOOPER, VELL FIX HIM GOOT, EH, HANS?

YAH! VE FIX HIM!

VOICES! I'D BETTER DUCK OUT OF SIGHT!

DER SNOOPER MAY HAF HIDDEN! LOOK BEHIND ALL DOT STAGE JUNK!

DERE'S NOBODY OVER HERE, HANS!

Suddenly, THE MACE DROPS AS THOUGH ACCIDENTALLY, AND..

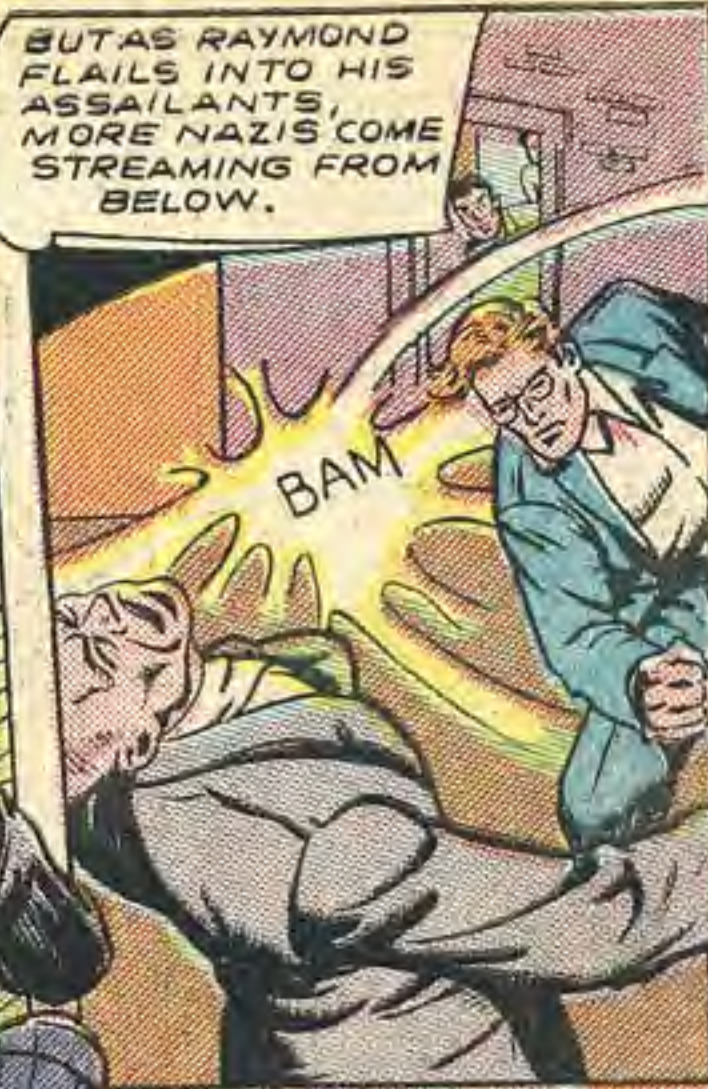
MAYBE DOT WUZ AN ACCIDENT! UND MAYBE NOT! ANYWAY, I'LL HAF A LOOK IN HERE!

ZOK

BAM



ALL RIGHT! YOU'VE SPOTTED ME. NOW COME AND GET ME..IF YOU CAN!



BUT AS RAYMOND FLAILS INTO HIS ASSAILANTS, MORE NAZIS COME STREAMING FROM BELOW.

BAM



GRAB DER DIRTY SCHWEIN!

I'VE.. UGH.. GOT HIM!



CRACK



VE VON'T VASTE ANY TIME! TOSS HIM DOWN DER ELEVATOR SHAFT!



UND NOW TO SEND DER ELEVATOR HURLTLING DOWN. IT VILL CRUSH EVERY BONE IN DER SNOOPER'S BODY!



HANS RUSHES OVER TO THE NAZI LEADER.

SCHWARTZ! LOOK AT THIS!

VY! IT'S DER POISON GAS FORMULA DER GIRL SAID SHE'D LOST! VERE DID YOU GET IT?



IT DROPPED OUT OF DER SNOOPER'S POCKET! I FOUND IT LAYING ON DER FLOOR!

HMM! DER GIRL VILL HAFF PLENTY OF EXPLAINING TO DO!



AND MEANWHILE....

THAT ELEVATOR! IT'S COMING RIGHT AT ME!

QUICKLY, JOHN RAYMOND REMOVES HIS OUTER CLOTHING AND EMERGES AS... *The Web*

I'VE GOT TO WORK FAST!



THE WEB FORCES HIS CIVILIAN CLOTHING INTO THE TEETH OF THE TURNING ELEVATOR GEAR, AND THE CLOTHING BEGINS TO JAM THE GRINDING TEETH.

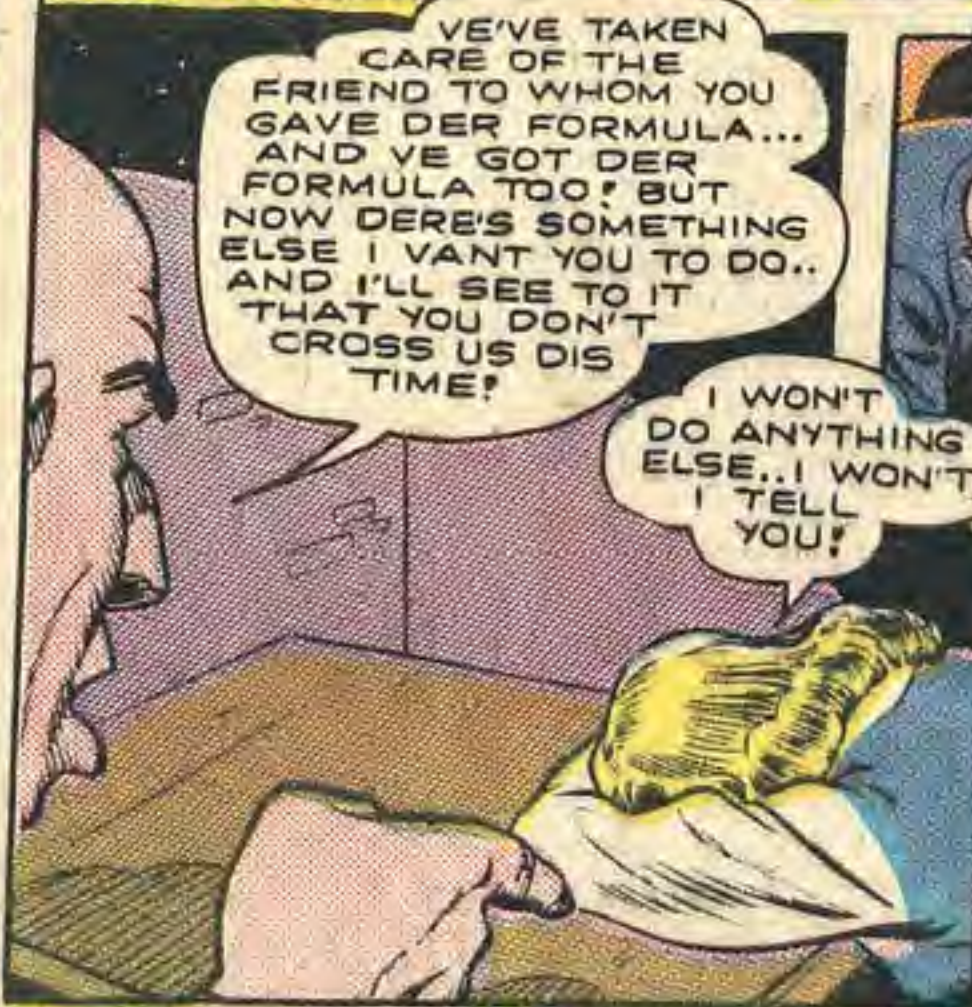


THE ELEVATOR'S STOPPED! BUT THERE'S NO TELLING HOW LONG IT'LL HOLD.



Meanwhile...

WE'VE TAKEN CARE OF THE FRIEND TO WHOM YOU GAVE DER FORMULA... AND VE GOT DER FORMULA TOO! BUT NOW DERE'S SOMETHING ELSE I VANT YOU TO DO.. AND I'LL SEE TO IT THAT YOU DON'T CROSS US DIS TIME!



I WON'T DO ANYTHING ELSE.. I WON'T, I TELL YOU!

OH, NO? DEN TAKE A LOOK AT THIS! DO YOU RECOGNIZE DER RING?



MON PÈRE! EET EES MY FATHER'S HAND!

TERROR STRICKEN, JEANNE MAKES THE PHONE CALL..

YES, MY DEAR! IT IS YOUR FATHER'S HAND! YOU'LL DO AS I SAY.. OR VELL CUT OFF HIS OTHER HAND! DEN A LEG? DEN DER OTHER LEG? AND VE'LL KEEP HIM ALIVE ALL DER TIME TO SEE DOT HE SUFFERS! DO AS I SAY! PHONE YOUR HUSBAND UND TELL HIM TO COME HERE AT ONCE!



..AND, GEORGE, YOU MUST COME AT ONCE! YES.. RIGHT EEN THE DESERTED THEATRE! AND.. DON'T FAIL ME!



AT THAT MOMENT...

DER SNOOPER
MUST BE
FINISHED BY
NOW! I VILL
LOOK UND
SEE!

BUT AS THE NAZI OPENS THE
SHAFT DOOR, HANDS REACH OUT.

DANGER
ELEVATOR
SHAFT

COME
HERE,
FRIEND!

LET'S SEE HOW
YOU LIKE IT IN
THAT ELEVATOR
SHAFT!

THE FORCE
OF CARL'S
BODY
SMASHING
AGAINST
THE ROPE
STARTS THE
GEARS MOV-
ING AGAIN,
AND...

THUD!

HE'S MET
THE FATE
THEY PLANNED
FOR ME!

SOME MINUTES LATER,
GEORGE WINKLER
ENTERS THE THEATRE.

YES, YOU'RE IN
THE RIGHT PLACE,
WINKLER.. GET
INSIDE!

JEANNE!
DARLING,
WHAT'S
THIS ALL
ABOUT?

VY
HELLO,
MR. WINKLER.
I'LL TELL
YOU VOT DIS
IS ALL
ABOUT!

VE HAF BEEN SO FORTUNATE
AS TO SECURE VOT I BELIEVE
IS DER FORMULA FOR DER NEW
POISON GAS YOU HAF JUST
PERFECTED.. IT VAS YOUR
CHARMING VIFE WHO
GAFE IT TO US! HA!
HA! SHE MADE
A SPLENDID
TOOL FOR OUR
CAUSE!

YOU FILTHY NAZI LIAR! I'LL...

YOU'LL DIE RIGHT
NOW! UND YOUR VIFE,
TOO! I CALLED YOU
DOWN HERE TO GET
RID OF YOU, SO DOT
ONLY CHERMANY VOULD
KNOW DER FORMULA?
IT MIGHT ALSO INTEREST
YOUR STUPID WIFE TO KNOW
THAT HER FATHER
ISS ALREADY DEAD!

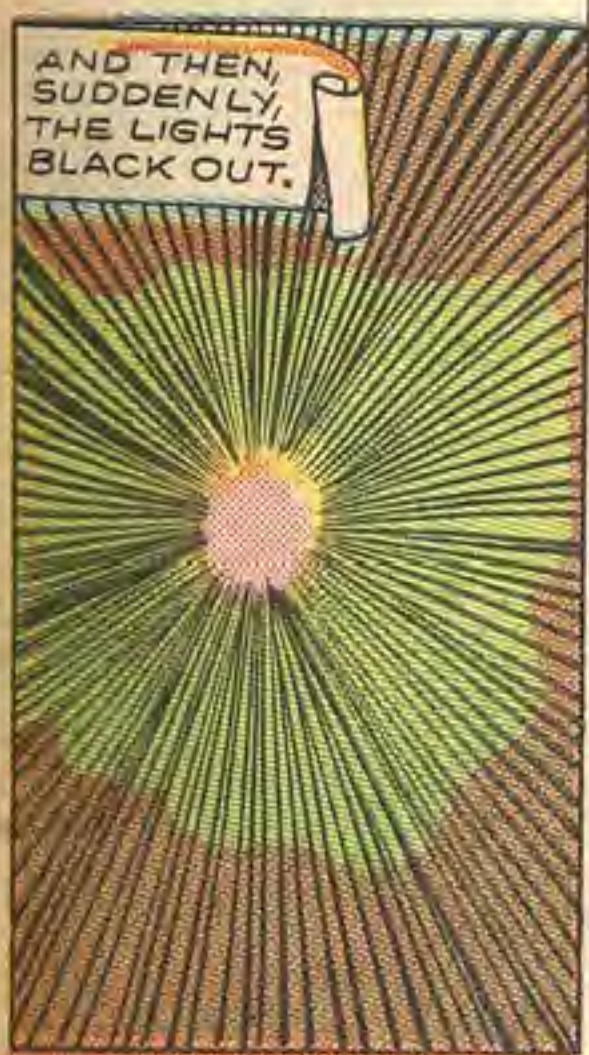
AS THE NAZI PRESSES THE TRIGGER, JEANNE LEAPS DIRECTLY IN THE PATH OF THE BULLET.

NON! NON! DON'T KILL HEEM! Ooo!

JEANNE! WATCH OUT!

YOU'VE SHOT HER, YOU NAZI MONSTER! YOU'VE SHOT HER!

YES..UND YOU'RE NEXT, WINKLER! GET READY FOR IT!



AND THEN, SUDDENLY, THE LIGHTS BLACK OUT.



THE NAZI LEADER STRIKES A MATCH.

DER PIGS HAF DISAPPEARED?



THE NAZI LEADER AND HIS MEN RUSH OUT TO THE STAIRCASE.

DERE DEY ARE! UND DER VEB IS MIT DEM! AFTER DEM!



SHE'S STILL BREATHING, WINKLER. GET HER TO A HOSPITAL AT ONCE! DON'T WASTE ANY TIME ASKING QUESTIONS!



BUT WHEN THE NAZIS REACH THE UPPER CORRIDOR...

GONE? DEY'VE ESCAPED US AGAIN?



SUDDENLY, THE WEB'S VOICE BLARES THROUGH A LOUD-SPEAKER.

YOU'RE DEAD WRONG, RATZI! I'VE DECIDED TO STICK AROUND A WHILE. BUT TRY AND FIND ME!

SEPARATE,
MEN! WE'LL
FIND THE
SCHVEIN UND
MAKE HIM
SORRY FOR
STICKING
HIS NOSE
INTO OUR
BUSINESS!

ONE NAZI TRIES THE
SPIRAL STAIRWAY...

MAYBE
HE ISS
UP HERE
SOMEWHERE?

NICE GOING, FRITZ! I WAS
HOPING ONE OF YOU WOULD
USE THAT STAIRCASE! BOY,
ARE YOU IN FOR A SURPRISE!
I'LL JUST FLIP THIS SWITCH
I'VE WIRED TO THE
RAILING, AND...

YEEOW!

I...I...CAN'T
LET
GO!

NOW I'LL JUST
SET THIS PROP
DOWN RIGHT
HERE...AND
AWAIT
DEVELOPMENTS!

HEY!
SOMEBODY
LOOKING
FOR ME?
HERE I AM!

AND IN ANOTHER PART OF
THE THEATRE...

I HEARD
FOOTSTEPS
HERE! DER
VEB IS SOME-
WHERE
AROUND?

I'LL
LOOK
UND
SEE!

YOU BET
I'LL GET
YOU,
SCHWEIN-
HUND!

GOOD IDEA...
MY MOVING
THE DOOR
DIRECTLY
OVER A
WINDOW!



I'M SURE THE
FEDERAL
AUTHORITIES
WOULD LIKE TO
HAVE A FEW
WORDS WITH
YOU FIRST!

UGH! OOH!
MINE
STOMACH!

BUT WHILE HE
PRETENDS TO BE
HURT, SCHWARTZ
EDGES CLOSER
AND CLOSER TO
A NEARBY
STAGE PIN...

WHAM

NOW I'LL
CRUSH YOUR
SKULL TO A
PULP, YOU...

THERE HE
IS! THE RING-
LEADER
NAZI!

VINKLER UND
DER POLICE! I'VE
GOT TO FINISH
MINE WORK
BEFORE DEY
GET ME!

AFTER HIM,
MEN! HE'S
GETTING
AWAY!

HE'S LOCKED HIMSELF
IN THAT ROOM! COME
ON! LET'S GET
IN!

HO! HO! YOU STUPID
FOOLS! DER JOKE ISS
ON YOU! I HAF JUST
TRANSMITTED DER
POISON GAS FORMULA
TO DER GESTAPO IN
CHERMANY. NOW YOU
CAN ARREST ME!

HA! HA! HA! HA!
AND YOU GERMAN
ARE SUPPOSED TO
BE CLEVER... YOU
COULD HAVE HAD
THAT FORMULA ALL
ALONG WITH THE
COMPLIMENTS OF
THE U.S. GOVERN-
MENT!

BANG

BANG

THAT FORMULA YOU SENT WASN'T MY PERFECTED FORMULA...IT WAS AN IMPERFECT ONE I WAS KEEPING JUST FOR THE RECORDS. IF THE NAZI SCIENTISTS TRY TO USE IT, THERE'S NO TELLING WHAT'LL HAPPEN! WHY.. AT THIS VERY MOMENT...

AND IN BERLIN, AT THAT VERY MOMENT.

HURRY, WILL YOU, HURRY? I WANT TO SEE DER RESULTS?

AND BACK IN AMERICA..

NOW TO MIX THESE LIQUIDS. IN EXACTLY ONE SECOND VE'LL KNOW DER ANSWER!

MON CHERI! HOW CAN YOU EVER FORGIVE ME AFTER WHAT I DEED? BUT EET WAS ONLY BECAUSE OF MY FATHER, AND...

FORGIVE YOU, DEAREST? HERE'S MY ANSWER!

UH-UH! LOOKS LIKE I'D BETTER DUCK OUT OF HERE!

AND SO YOU SEE HOW A WEB OF EVIL WHICH REACHED ITS SLIMY SKEIN CLEAR ACROSS THE WORLD FINALLY ENDED IN DEATH AND DESTRUCTION FOR THE VERY MEN WHO HAD SPUN IT. IT WILL ALWAYS BE THAT WAY.. CRIMINALS WILL FOREVER MEET DOOM ENMESHED IN THE WEB OF CRIME THEY THEMSELVES SPIN!

MY FRIEND, THE WEB, TOLD ME THE ENTIRE STORY, WINKLER. I CERTAINLY AM GLAD TO HEAR THAT YOUR WIFE IS GOING TO RECOVER!

THANK HIM FOR ME, PROFESSOR RAYMOND. I'LL ALWAYS BE GRATEFUL TO HIM!

BOOM

STEEL STERLING

MAN
OF
STEEL

THE VAGABOND IS COMING! ONE STABBING CRY OF HOPE OVER CZECHOSLOVAKIA, SUFFERING UNDER THE WHIP-LASH OF THE RUTHLESS, CRUSHING NAZI HORDES! BUT SUDDENLY THE LIGHTS GO OUT IN EUROPE... THE VAGABOND IS GONE! TO THE RESCUE SPEEDS VALIANT STEEL STERLING TO STRIKE THE SPARK OF HOPE UPON THE ANVIL OF FREEDOM!

RIDE! RIDE! ON
TO VICTORY!
CRUSH THE HUNS!
VALIANT SONS!
MEN ARE
BORN TO
BE FREE!



ON A MOUNTAIN PASS DEEP IN CZECHOSLOVAKIA, A NAZI TROOP TRAIN SPEEDS SWIFTLY ALONG A NARROW BRIDGE...EVERYTHING SEEMS PEACEFUL...

WHEN SUDDENLY, A VIOLENT EXPLOSION RENDS THE AIR...LEAVING A TWISTED MASS OF WRECKAGE IN ITS WAKE...



A "V"! DIS HAS BEEN DER VORK OF DER ACCURSED VAGABOND!

IN ANOTHER PART OF THE SHACKLED COUNTRY - TWO NAZIS PACE ALONG THE WATERFRONT... WHEN...

LOOK! A BODY IN DER VATER! GET A BOAT - QVICK!



HE IS VEARING DER UNIFORM OF OUR ARMY! UNNH!...EASY THERE...VE HAF HIM IN OUR BOAT IN A SECOND!

GOTT IM HIMMEL! IT IS KAPITAN REINMAN - DEAD! UND-UND DER SIGN OF DER VAGABOND IS BRANDED ON HIS FORE-HEAD!

THE SCENE CHANGES TO A FOOD COUNTER, ALSO IN CZECHOSLOVAKIA...

GET AWAY FROM HERE, YOU FILTHY PEASANTS! DERE IS NO FOOD LEFT!



BUT MY WIFE
AND MY LITTLE
BOY ARE
STARVING!

WE ARE
ALL DYING
FROM HUNGER.
PAUL! WHAT
CAN WE
DO?

SUDDENLY

GESTAPO
FOOD
RAVIONS

STOP!
COME BACK!
THERE IS
FOOD FOR
ALL!

HERE YOU ARE, PAUL!
FOOD FOR YOUR FAMILY
AND FOR EVERYONE IN
TOWN!

IT'S THE
VAGABOND!
GOD BLESS
YOU!

NO MORE
FOOD
TODAY

HIGH ABOVE THE CRUELEST
CONCENTRATION CAMP IN
CZECHOSLOVAKIA --- A
STRANGE GROUP OF MEN
LIES IN WAIT

VALIANTS!
YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO.
THE SIGNAL WILL BE THE
FIRING OF THE NAZI
GUN!

YOUR DISGUISE
IS PERFECT,
VAGABOND!

GOD-SPEED,
VAGABOND!

THERE
HE GOES
DOWN THE
MOUNTAIN
PASS!

THE VAGABOND
HAS RISKED HIS
LIFE MANY TIMES
FOR HIS COUNTRYMEN.
BUT THIS IS THE MOST
DARING PLAN OF
HIS CAREER!

MINUTES LATER, AT THE CAMP...

HEIL HITLER!
WHAT'S THE
PASSWORD?

PASSWORD?
YOU IDIOTIC SON OF
AN ENGLISHMAN! WHAT
DO I NEED WITH A
PASSWORD?

DON'T YOU KNOW WHO
I AM, JACKASS? I'LL
HAVE YOU REPORTED
FOR THIS!

B-BUT, S-SIR!
I HAVE ORDERS
T-TO---

ORDERS! THE MAN
JABBERS LIKE A PARROT!
DRIVE ME TO THE COM-
MANDANT'S OFFICE!
MACH SCHNELL!

WHO IS IN CHARGE HERE? ANSWER ME!

I..ER..DON'T BELIEVE I KNOW WHO YOU ARE... ER..SIR...

EXCUSES! NOTHING BUT EXCUSES!

Y-YES I AM-BUT I DON'T KNOW...

NOBODY SEEMS TO KNOW ANYTHING HERE! HAVE YOU NOT BEEN EXPECTING ME?

ARE YOU THE HERR COMMANDANT?

B-BUT DEY ARE MANNING DER PILL BOXES! VE MUST HAF SOLDIERS ON GUARD!

YOUR OPINION IS WORTHLESS! HURRY OR I REPORT YOU TO DER FUEHRER FOR INSUBORDINATION!

LIEUTENANT, IT'S YOUR FAULT I VASN'T TOLD GENERAL VON GABOND VAS COMING! LINE UP OUR TROOPS FOR INSPECTION!

J-JA, JA, HERE COMMANDANT!

I'M CHIEF OF STAFF VON GABOND! LINE UP DER MEN FOR INSPECTION IMMEDIATELY!

VOT DO YOU TINK OF DEM, MEIN HERR? DIS IS DER BEST GUARDED CONCENTRATION CAMP IN EUROPE!

HMM! VE'LL SEE! VE'LL SEE!

LIEBER GOTT! LOOK AT THIS SCHWEIN'S PANTS!.. ABSOLUTELY FILTHY!



HOW CAN VE NAZIS
RULE THE WORLD -
WHEN OUR OWN MEN
ARE SUCH INCOM-
PETENT FOOLS?
ANSWER ME!

I'LL HAVE
DOT SOLDIER
SHOT RIGHT
AWAY, EX-
CELLENCY!

YOU ARE MORE
STUPID THAN I
THOUGHT! KILLING
OUR SOLDIERS IS
NOT THE ANSWER!
HAVE THEM ALL PUT
ON FRESH UNIFORMS
AT ONCE. AND WHERE
IS THE GUN SALUTE
BEFITTING A MAN OF
MY RANK?

A MOMENT
LATER...

ACH! BUT VE
HAF NO ODDER
UNIFORMS!

DER COMMANDANT
DID NOT DARE TELL
DOT TO VON GABOND!
VE'LL HAF TO PRESS
OUR OWN PANTS IN
A HURRY!

ACHTUNG!
COMPANY DISMISS-
ED. GO TO YOUR BAR-
RACKS UND CHANGE
YOUR CLOTHES
DOUBLE-QUICK. UND
FIRE DER BIG GUN
IMMEDIATELY FOR
OUR VISITING
CHIEF OF
STAFF!

Boo

AND WHILE THE
GERMANS ARE CAUGHT
WITH THEIR PANTS DOWN...

♪ RIDE RIDE
ON TO VICTORY ♪
♪ ♪

♪ CRUSH THE HUNS,
VALIANT SONS
MEN ARE BORN TO
BE FREE ♪
♪ ♪

OUR SCENE CHANGES - STEEL
STERLING'S APARTMENT IN THE U.S.A.

...AND THAT'S HOW MY BAND OF VALIANTS
DESTROYED THE CAMP, SO I MUST CLOSE.
STEEL, ANTICIPATING THE DAY I'LL MEET YOU
FACE TO FACE! YOURS FOR FREEDOM!
THE VAGABOND

HA
HA
HA

THEN, WHEN STEEL GOES TO TURN ON THE WAR NEWS...

HOLY HOWITZERS!
IT CAN'T BE TRUE!

FLASH! THE VAGABOND, LONG THE AVENGER OF THE CZECHS, HAS TURNED QUISLING AND HAS BEEN MADE NAZI CHIEF OF CZECHO-SLOVAKIA!

A LOT HAS HAPPENED SINCE THE VAGABOND WROTE THAT LETTER 3 MONTHS AGO! I'VE GOT TO GET OVER THERE TO FIND OUT FOR MYSELF! IT'S ALMOST TOO IMPOSSIBLE TO BELIEVE THE VAGABOND TURNED TRAITOR!

TIME PASSES... ENOUGH TIME FOR STEEL TO HOP A CLIPPER AND BY DEVIOUS MEANS TO LAND IN THE CAPITAL OF CZECHO-SLOVAKIA ITSELF!

THE GREATEST TRAGEDY OF ALL TIME HAS BEFALLEN US! WHAT COULD'VE MADE HIM DO IT?

JUST NOW WHEN WE NEED THE VAGABOND THE MOST!



STEEL RETURNS TO HIS APARTMENT - GREATLY WORRIED...

THOSE POOR CZECHS WERE RIGHT! I MUST SEE THE VAGABOND!

HELLO? IS THIS THE MINISTRY OF STATE? THIS IS AN OLD FRIEND OF THE VAGABOND'S - I'D LIKE AN APPOINTMENT TO SEE HIM!

STEEL STERLING YOU SAY? HOLD DER VIRE! I'LL SPEAK TO DER VAGABOND UND SEE!



STEEL STERLING FROM AMERIKA VOULD LIKE TO SEE YOU! HE SAYS HE IS AN OLD FRIEND OF DER VAGABOND'S!

STEEL STERLING, HERE?

NO! I WON'T SEE HIM!

BUT YOU MUST! STERLING VILL BE SUSPICIOUS UNLESS YOU SEE HIM! BLUFF HIM!





JA, JA, JA! HERR STERLING! DER VAGABOND VILL BE HAPPY TO SEE YOU IN AN HOUR!



OKAY! I'LL BE RIGHT OVER!



LATER...AS THE APPOINTMENT IS KEPT...
HELLO, VAGABOND, OLD BOY! LONG TIME NO SEE!

GOOD TO SEE YOU AGAIN, STEEL! HAVE A DRINK, YES? NO?



REMEMBER THE GREAT TIMES WE USED TO HAVE ON THE RILAH-RAH? AT THE HUT-SUT CLUB?

HOW COULD I FORGET THEM? THOSE WERE THE DAYS!



YOU'VE GOT A GOOD MEMORY, NAZI - FOR SOMETHING THAT NEVER HAPPENED!



YOU FILTHY IMPOSTER!



WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH THE REAL VAGABOND? SPEAK UP BEFORE I BREAK EVERY BONE IN YOUR HEAD!

DONNER-WETTER! HE'LL BE NO MATCH FOR ALL OF US!



NO MATCH, EH? WELL - I'M STRIKING ANY-HOW!

ZOK



I HATE TO
CHANGE YOUR
PLANS, RATZI!

I'M GOING
WHILE DER
GOING IS
GOOD!

SMASH

NOW TALK FAST!
WHAT HAVE YOU
LICE DONE WITH
THE VAGABOND?

I-I-HAF
NOTHING
TO SAY!

DON'T BE BASHFUL,
ROACH! I WANT TO
HEAR YOUR STORY!

I VON'T SAY
ANYTHING! I'M A
LOYAL PARTY
MEMBER!

CRACK

COME ALONG, CHUM! I'M STARTING A LITTLE PARTY OF MY OWN!

D-DON'T DROP ME—I'LL BE KILLED!

I'M GOING TO TEACH YOU A LESSON YOU'LL NEVER FORGET!

A FLYING LESSON!

HAVE A GOOD TRIP!

THIS FLYING THROUGH THE AIR IS CATCHING!

OOOH! SAVED!

NO MORE!
I CAN'T STAND THIS!.....DER VAGABOND IS IN DER STATE PRISON!

SO THAT'S THEIR PLAN! HIDE THE REAL VAGABOND AND PUT A QUISLING IN HIS PLACE!



MEANWHILE AT THE
STATE PRISON ...

HEADQUARTERS!
SEND OFFER A
MESSENGER MIT
MORE INSTRUMENTS
OF TORTURE FOR
DER VAGABOND!

JA! JA!
TELL DEM
OUR WHIPS
ARE VEARING
OUT!

AFTER THE PHONE-CALL
IS COMPLETED, THE NAZIS
RETURN TO THEIR
TORTURE.

AS THE MESSENGER SETS
OUT FOR THE PRISON...

THIS BOZO LOOKS
LIKE HE'S HEADING
FOR THE STATE
PRISON!

MIND IF I BORROW
YOUR SCOOTER?

QUICKLY STEEL DONS
THE MESSENGER'S
UNIFORM...

THIS IS
ONE WAY
OF GOING
TO JAIL!

AS STEEL NEARS
THE FRONT GATE...

HEIL! STOP!
GIF DER PASS-
WORD!

THE PASSWORD
IS SCRAM-
SKUNKS!



YOU'VE BEEN AT IT FOR AN HOUR, HANS! IT IS MY TURN NOW!

YOU'RE WRONG, SCUM! IT'S MY TURN!

I'M DISHING OUT THE BEATINGS FROM HERE ON!

LET'S SEE IF YOU CAN TAKE IT!

I'VE SETTLED THEIR HASH, VAGABOND! I'LL HAVE YOU LOOSE IN A MINUTE!

ULLL! THANKS, STEEL!

I-I'M AFRAID I'M...DONE FOR..STEEL!

DON'T GIVE UP, VAGABOND! YOU MUST STAY ALIVE!

S-STEEL! KEEP UP THE FIGHT FOR LIBERTY! MEN AND WOMEN EVERYWHERE ARE SOBBING FOR FREEDOM. H-HELP THEM!

YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT, VAGABOND! I'LL TAKE YOU BACK TO THE HILLS!

YOUR VALIANTS WILL TAKE NEW HEART WHEN THEY SEE YOU!

LOOK! THE VAGABOND! HE'S COMING HOME!

VALIANTS! IT'S UP TO YOU TO STAND BY THE VAGABOND AND WHAT HE MEANS TO FREEDOM!

IT'S TOO LATE! HE IS DYING!

THE NAZIS CAN CONQUER OUR CITIES, OUR ARMIES, BUT THEY WILL NEVER SUBDUCE OUR SOULS. WE SHALL FIGHT TILL THE LAST NAZI IS SCOURGED FROM THE EARTH!

IN A DYING EFFORT, THE VAGABOND RAISES HIS HEAD... MY SPIRIT WILL NEVER DIE, VALIANTS! I'LL LEAD YOU EVEN IN DEATH— FOLLOW ME!

SLOWLY STEEL COVERS THE FACE OF THE DEPARTED VAGABOND. GRIEVING FACES ARE AVERTED... BUT THEIR SORROW GIVES THE VALIANTS NEW-FOUND COURAGE!

♪ RIDE! RIDE! ON TO VICTORY! ♪
♪ RIDE! RIDE! — MEN ARE BORN TO BE FREE ♪

The VAGABOND IS COMING! STILL THE RINGING GONG OF VENGEANCE ROCKS THE HILLS AND VALLEYS—AS THE CONQUERED ONES OF EUROPE TAKE NEW HEART! FREEDOM WILL LIVE FOREVER! FREEDOM WILL NEVER DIE, SO LONG AS MEN DRAW BREATH!

FOLLOW THE DAZZLING ADVENTURES OF STEEL STERLING IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF ZIP COMICS!

BLACK

I AM DUVAL, ZE FAMOUS
KNIFE-THROWER. WHEN
CASINO FIRE ME FROM
HEES NIGHT CLUB, I WEESH
I COULD CUT HIS HEART
OUT, BUT I DEED NOT
MURDER HEEM!

SURE I HATED CASINO!
HE JILTED ME, AND NOBODY
DOES THAT TO DIAMOND LIL!
THERE'S NOBODY MORE GLAD
THAN I AM THAT HE'S DEAD!
BUT I DIDN'T KILL HIM!





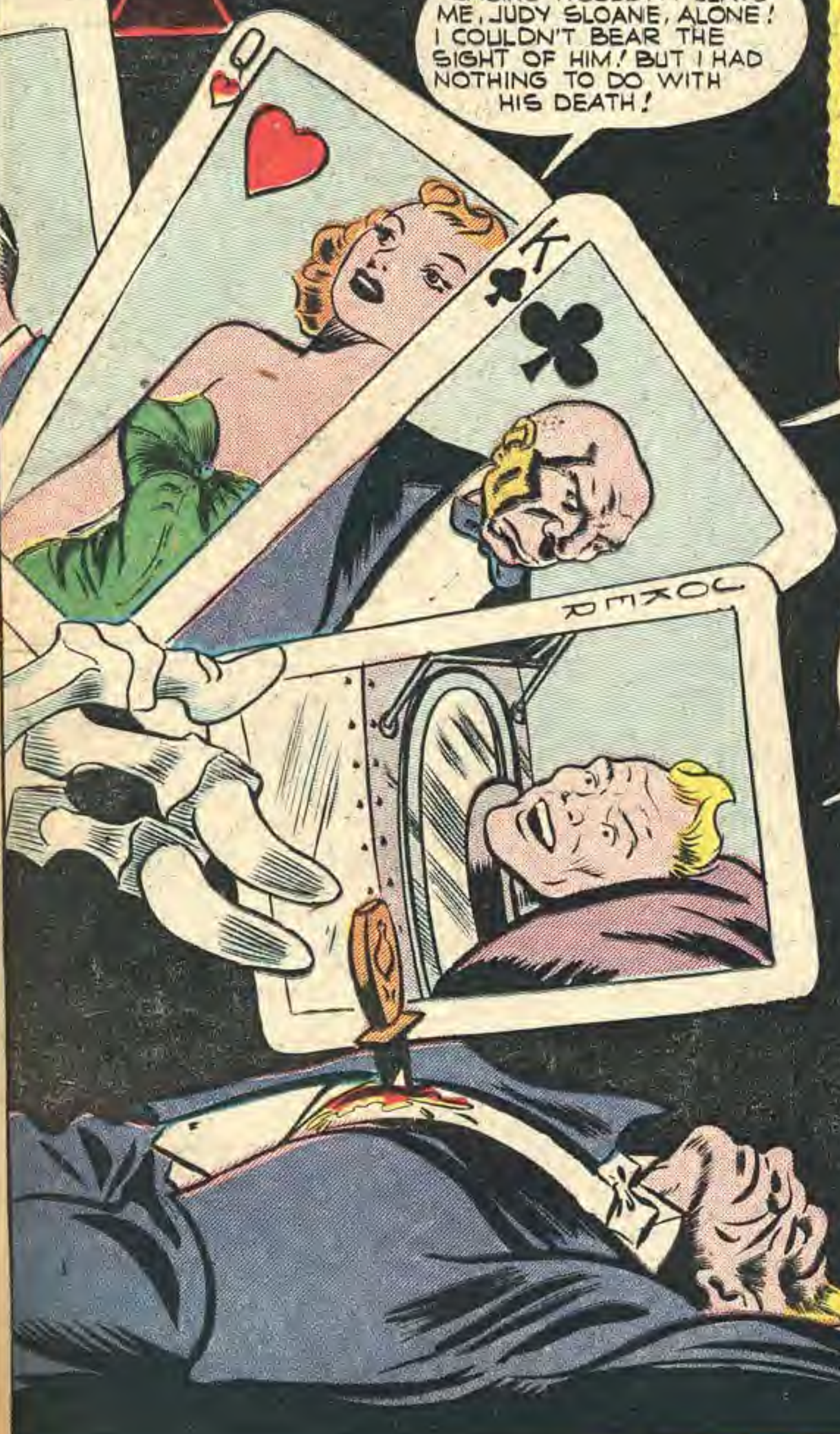
JACK

CASINO WOULD'N'T LEAVE ME, JUDY SLOANE, ALONE! I COULDN'T BEAR THE SIGHT OF HIM! BUT I HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH HIS DEATH!

WHO KILLED CASINO?
FATE DEALT CASINO HIS LAST HAND, DEALT IT TO HIM CUNNINGLY, MALIGNANTLY. DEALT HIM A ROYAL FLUSH IN THE SUIT OF DEATH! HERE IS A TALE AS BAFFLING AS IT IS BIZARRE! JOIN **BLACK JACK** AS HE DEALS HIMSELF A HAND IN THIS GAME OF MURDER!

OKAY! SO I DID THREATEN TO KNOCK OFF THE RAT! AFTER ALL, HE CHEATED ME, MIKE ANGELO, OUTTA MY NIGHT CLUB IN A CROOKED CARD GAME! I SWORE TO GET HIM FOR IT! BUT THAT DON'T MEAN I DID IT!

LOOK AT ME, LEGS THOMPSON, ONCE CASINO'S STRONG ARM GUY, NOW AN IRON-LUNG CRIPPLE, PUT HERE BY CASINO! BUT ACCUSING ME OF GIVING CASINO WHAT WAS COMING TO HIM, HA, HA, HA, HA. THAT'S THE JOKER ALL RIGHT!



King

AT THE GRAND OPENING OF
THE SWANK CLUB CASINO...

♪
COME TO ME
MY MELANCHOLY
BABY ♪

NICK CASINO, OWNER OF THE CLUB,
LISTENS APPRECIATIVELY...

I'M SURE GLAD I HIRED
THAT JUDY SLOAN KID,
LIL... SHE'S GOT
PLENTY OF CLASS!

LISTEN, NICK,
WHY DON'T YOU
STOP TALKING SO
MUCH ABOUT THAT
SINGER? YOU DON'T
PAY ANY ATTENTION
TO ME ANY
MORE!

SHUT YOUR
TRAP! NOBODY GIVES
ME ORDERS - AND YOU
BETTER GET THAT INTO
YOUR HEAD RIGHT
NOW!

HER SONG FINISHED,
JUDY GOES TO HER
DRESSING ROOM -
AND GREET'S A
STRANGE VISITOR.
A MAN IN AN IRON
LUNG...!

I RUSHED BACK
AS SOON AS MY
SONG WAS OVER,
LEGS DAR-
LING!

NICK CASINO ENTERS
THE ROOM...

WHILE OUTSIDE,
ANOTHER GUEST
ENTERS THE CLUB
CASINO...

THE DIRTY RAT SEEMS
TO BE DOING GOOD BUS-
INESS WITH THE NIGHT
CLUB HE STOLE FROM
ME!

HIYA, LEGS! I SEE THEY
FOLLOWED MY ORDERS
AND GOT YA HERE ALL
RIGHT! SURE MAKES ME
FEEL GOOD TO KNOW MY
OLD BODYGUARD IS PRESENT
AT THE OPENING OF MY
NIGHT CLUB!

WELL, IF IT ISN'T
MIKE ANGELO!
HA, HA, COME TO
SEE MY OPENING
OF YOUR
NIGHT CLUB!

IT MAY BE FUNNY TO
YOU NOW, CASINO -
BUT I KNOW THAT
THE CARD GAME
IN WHICH YOU
WON MY CLUB
WAS CROOKED!
I'LL GET YOU
YET!

AT A CORNER TABLE, JACK JONES AND
THE POLICE COMMISSIONER WATCH
THE ARGUMENT...

I WONDER WHAT
IT'S ALL ABOUT.
ANGELO IS
PRETTY EXCITED!

SO I NOTICE, AND
UNLESS I MISS MY
GUESS, THERE'S
TROUBLE BREWING!

COME ON, MIKE.
ACT YOUR AGE!
YOU CAN'T PROVE
ANYTHING! WHY
DON'T YOU SIT
DOWN?

GET YOUR
HAND OFF
ME, YA RAT!...
YOU'VE WON
THIS TRICK, BUT
YOU'RE NOT
FINISHED WITH
ME! I WARN
YOU!

LIL STEPS
UP TO THE
MICROPHONE...

AND NOW, LADIES
AND GENTLEMEN,
YOUR OLD FRIEND
DUVAL, THE WORLD
FAMOUS KNIFE -
THROWER! GIVE
HIM A HAND,
FOLKS!

BON SOIR,
MES AMIS!
TONIGHT I
HAVE ZE
GREAT THRILL.
BE PREPARED
FOR ZE
GREAT
SURPRISE!

I BEGIN NOW...
VOILA!

AND NOW FOR MY SURPRISE OF
THE EVENING...

I WEESH I COULD
SURPRISE THE AUDIENCE WEETH
A KNIFE IN CASINO'S HEART...
ZE PIG! FIRING ME, ZE GREAT
DUVAL!

SUDDENLY, THE LIGHTS
BLACK OUT...

AND WHEN THEY FLASH ON AGAIN, THE AUDIENCE
STARES HORRIFIED - AT THE BODY OF NICK
CASINO...

EEEEEEEEE

GOOD
LORD!

HELP!

I'M THE POLICE
COMMISSIONER -
AND YOU'RE UNDER
ARREST, DUVAL!

LOOK, ZIS KNIFE
IN HIS CHEST. IT
IS NOT ZE KIND
I USE IN MY ACT!
YOU CAN SEE
FOR YOUR-
SELF!

BUT I
DEED NOT
DO IT!

HMM...
THAT'S
RIGHT!

DIAMOND LIL DID IT,
M'SIEUR! I HEARD HER
SWEAR TO KEEL HEEM
WHEN HE SLAPPED
HER!

MEANWHILE JACK JONES STEPS
BEHIND A PILLAR AND EMERGES
AS BLACK JACK...

SO ANGELO'S
TRYING TO DUCK OUT!
I'LL STOP HIM - BUT
QUICK!

BLACK JACK
PULLS ONE OF
DUVAL'S KNIVES
FROM THE WALL...

JUST AS I THOUGHT-
HE'S GOT HIS CAR
HANDY! WELL,
THIS'LL STOP
HIM!



AND AS ANGELO
EMERGES FROM
THE WRECK AND
TRIES TO FLEE...



WHAT'S
YOUR
HURRY?

WHAM



JUST
A MINUTE,
PAL!



D-DON'T HIT ME! I DIDN'T
KILL CASINO - SOMEBODY
BEAT ME TO IT! I WAS RUN-
NING AWAY BECAUSE I KNEW
I'D BE BLAMED FOR THE JOB!

IF YOU'RE
INNOCENT,
ANGELO, YOU
HAVE NOTHING
TO WORRY
ABOUT! IN
THE MEAN-
TIME, YOU'D
BETTER GET
INTO THAT
PATROL
WAGON!



LATER, IN THE COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE...

HOW ABOUT IT, SIR, ANY LUCK?

THIS IS REALLY A PUZZLER, BLACK JACK! WE HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO SHAKE THE STORIES OF ANY OF THOSE SUSPECTS AND THEY ALL HAD GOOD REASON TO WANT TO MURDER CASINO!

THE DOOR BURSTS OPEN...

I'VE GOT TO SPEAK TO YOU AT ONCE!

JUDY SLOAN!

MR. COMMISSIONER, I WAS THE ONE WHO TURNED OFF THE LIGHTS AT THE CLUB LAST NIGHT! MY BOY FRIEND, LEGS...

EEEEEE

SUDDENLY A GUN BARKS FROM OUTSIDE THE WINDOW...

BUT THE KILLER IS READY FOR HIM...

BLACK JACK! WHAT'S HAPPENED?

NEVER MIND! GET A DOCTOR FOR JUDY-HURRY!

THE SHOT CAME THROUGH THIS WINDOW!



HOW'S THE GIRL, DOC?

NOT SO GOOD. WE'VE GOT TO RUSH HER TO A HOSPITAL!

WELL, THERE WE ARE, BLACK JACK... UP A TREE AGAIN! BY THE TIME THE SLOANE GIRL RECOVERS TO TELL US, THE KILLER MAY MAKE HIS ESCAPE!

WE'LL JUST HAVE TO KEEP QUESTIONING THOSE SUSPECTS AND HOPE FOR A BREAK!

THE SUSPECTS ENTER THE ROOM...



OKAY! SO I WAS JEALOUS BECAUSE I KNEW CASINO WAS ON THE MAKE FOR JUDY SLOANE! BUT LEGS LARSON ALSO HAD GOOD REASON TO BE JEALOUS!

YOU'RE WASTING YOUR TIME, I TELL YOU! SOMEONE BEAT ME TO THE JOB!



I CAN'T UNDERSTAND THESE CONSTANT QUESTIONS! I AM AN ARTIST - NOT A MURDERER!



WAIT A MINUTE! DID YOU SAY LEGS LARSON? WASN'T HE ONCE CASINO'S BODYGUARD?





SURE BUT HE'S A HOPELESS CRIPPLE IN AN IRON LUNG BECAUSE OF IT! LEGS USED TO BE NUTS ABOUT JUDY, HIMSELF!



GREAT SCOTT! YOU'VE GIVEN ME A HUNCH! AND IF IT'S THE RIGHT ONE, JUDY SLOANE WILL NEVER RECOVER!



AND AT THE HOSPITAL...

WE'LL LET HER REST MORE, NURSE! SHE STANDS A GOOD CHANCE OF RECOVERY!

VERY WELL, DOCTOR!



AFTER THE DOCTOR AND NURSE LEAVE... SLEEPING QUIETLY, IS SHE? I'LL PUT HER TO SLEEP FOR GOOD!



BUT BEFORE THE KNIFE CAN DESCEND FOR THE DEATH STROKE...

JUST A MINUTE, PAL!



YOU'VE DONE ENOUGH MURDERING FOR ONE NIGHT!

MAYBE NOT, BLACK JACK! I'LL KILL YOU TOO!

BUT BLACK JACK'S
FOOT LASHES OUT...

...AND HIS FIST FINISHES THE JOB...

BLACK JACK, YOU'VE GOT
THE MURDERER!

EXACTLY! IT'S
OUR FRIEND,
LEGS!

THERE'S THE
IRON LUNG-EMPTY!
THE RAT ISN'T ANY
MORE PARALYZED
THAN I AM!

THE NEXT MORNING...

ALL RIGHT, YOU'VE GOT ME
BUT I'M NOT SORRY I DID
IT! I SPENT TWO YEARS
OF TORTURE IN THAT IRON
LUNG - TORTURE BECAUSE
I TOOK BULLETS MEANT
FOR CASINO! AND THE
SKUNK SHOWED HIS
GRATITUDE BY TRYING
TO STEAL MY GIRL! I
FIXED HIM! HA, HA, HA!
I FIXED HIM!

HELLO, JUDY!
FEELING
BETTER?

MY FRIEND BLACK
JACK TOLD ME HOW
YOU WERE AN
INNOCENT
PAWN IN
LEG'S
PLOT!

YES! I ALWAYS
FELT SORRY FOR
HIM - AND HE MIS-
TOOK IT FOR LOVE
HE TOLD ME THAT
CASINO WANTED ME
TO PUT OUT THE
LIGHTS BECAUSE
OF A NEW ACT
HE HAD! I'M GLAD
LEGS IS GETTING
WHAT HE DE-
SERVES!

WORLD WONDERS



DISAPPEARING ISLAND!

NEAR SANAGOSTINO
IN THE SOUTH SEAS,
AN ISLAND 2½ MILES
IN CIRCUMFERENCE
Arose IN 1904 AND
DISAPPEARED IN 1906.



the **GREAT NAPOLEON**, ONCE THE MOST POWER-
FUL MAN IN EUROPE, **WAS AFRAID OF CATS!**

NANDA DEVI, A MOUNTAIN 25,645
FEET HIGH IN THE HIMALAYAN RANGE
IN INDIA, IS THE HIGHEST EVER CLIMBED
BY MAN...AFTER MANY HAD TRIED, TWO
MEMBERS OF THE BRITISH-AMERICAN
EXPEDITION SUCCEEDED IN 1936.....



SOUTH OF THE
OGASAWARA
ISLANDS IN THE PACIFIC
ARE MANY
**SUBMARINE
VOLCANOES**
WHICH CAPSIZE SHIPS
BY THEIR SUDDEN
EXPLOSIONS!

LAUGH, KILLER, LAUGH

A WEB STORY

by SCOTT FELDMAN

WILLIAM SLOANE, M. D., looked at the case history for the third time. Then he turned frightened eyes up to John Raymond and gestured nervously.

"There's the entire story, John," he said. "Do you think my analysis is correct?"

John Raymond peered at him through gleaming spectacles. "Just a moment," he said. "You tell me that the three murdered doctors were found *with their ears chopped off*?"

"Exactly," said Sloane. The pouches of fat on his face quivered. "Their ears had been sliced off with their own scalpels . . . and left lying there in pools of blood."

Raymond nodded. "I begin to see your point," he said. "You think that Michael Casey is the murderer—that he's killing these men and chopping off their ears as a symbol of his revenge?"

"What else can I think?" asked Sloane. "When Casey was hit by that car and I performed the brain operation—why, I was a kid just out of medical school. I was green. It wasn't my fault that the operation was unsuccessful and Casey came out of it stone deaf and—and—well, insane is the only word for it."

John Raymond's thoughts raced back to the day Michael

Casey had been hit by a drunken driver. Casey had been rushed to the nearest hospital and operated on by Sloane . . . since Sloane had been the only brain specialist available. Perhaps it *hadn't* been Sloane's fault that the operation was unsuccessful—but there had been a great deal of talk about carelessness because it was a charity case. "Go on," said Raymond.

"Well," continued Sloane, "as I see it, there's only one explanation of all these murders. Casey's twisted mind demands revenge, to pay back the doctors whom he thinks ruined his life. You know how he was after the operation—dull, sullen, long spells in which he forgot even his own name. Well, maybe he's forgotten the name of the doctor who operated on him . . . and yet, with one of these insane twists, he remembers that the doctor was a member of the state medical board." Sloane paused and took a deep breath which shook its way out of his throat. "I tell you I'm right, John. Maniacs never believe that they're insane, so that wouldn't bother him. But his loss of hearing must have been on his mind all these years—eating at him and filling him with hate—until, with insane logic, he decided to make sure he'd get

the right doctor . . . by killing every member of the board!"

Raymond looked at Sloane, almost enjoying the pudgy doctor's fright. He didn't like Sloane. For one thing, the doctor had always used his family's wealth to help him—the fact that he became a member of the state medical board immediately upon his graduation from school, rather than after years of actual practice as a doctor, was a perfect example. And for another thing, there was the Casey operation. Raymond remembered how Sloane had airily dismissed ugly carelessness rumors by taking a trip to Europe until things blew over.

"I see," Raymond said. "But why call on me?"

Sloane reached up and clutched Raymond's shirt-front with twitching hands. "I'm frightened, John," he said hoarsely. "You're an authority on the criminal and the insane mind. You were a consulting specialist at the hospital when I operated on Casey—you remember the case. Do you think my analysis is correct? *Tell me!*"

Raymond disentangled Sloane's fingers. "No, Sloane," he said, with gravity. "I'm quite sure you have nothing to fear." He retrieved his bat

from the clothes-tree and stepped out of the door.

* * *

John Raymond looked tired. His eyes were clouded and his hair, run through many times by nervous fingers, was disarranged.

Suddenly he leaped to his feet. His eyes burned for a moment, and then the light in them quieted.

"No time to lose," he said grimly. "The Web had better swing into action—*right now!*"

* * *

The Web dropped silently through an open window leading into the hall of William Sloane's spacious home. As he did so, he heard footsteps . . . and he sprang, catlike, into a dark corner back of several bookcases.

Four men were walking to William Sloane's door. One was Sloane himself, two were police officers, and the last man The Web recognized as a detective.

Beads of sweat formed on Sloane's face. As the other men walked to the door, he waddled after them, repeating, "You've got to protect me. I tell you it's only a miracle that I'm alive."

At the door, the detective turned. "You'll be perfectly safe, Dr. Sloane," he said. "These two men will remain outside the building and make sure that Casey doesn't make another attempt on your life."

"Thank you," said Sloane. "He came in through a window and leaped right at me. If I hadn't begun to shout so

that the neighbors came rushing in, I'd be dead now. It was horrible!"

The detective nodded, gave brief instructions to the policemen, and the three left. The door slammed behind them.

This was The Web's signal. He leaped out into the open, directly before Sloane's startled eyes. Sloane backed against the wall.

"That story you gave the police is a fake," said The Web. "Casey was never here!"

Sloane stared at him. "W—who are you?" he asked.

"Never mind that," said The Web. "You might call me your justice . . . murderer!"

"I don't understand what you're talking about," said Sloane, his fat little body stiff. "Take another step toward me and I'll call the police."

The Web continued to move forward. "You killed the three doctors. They were collecting information to have you declared incompetent and to have your license to practice medicine cancelled . . . that's common knowledge. So you killed them and stole the documents—and tried to pin the murder on Michael Casey!"

"You're crazy!" said Sloane, in a harsh whisper. "Casey tried to kill me not ten minutes ago."

The Web smiled, humorlessly. "Just another trick to build your frame-up," he said. "But it won't help you, Sloane. The web of murder you've woven can only end in your own doom." He took a

step closer. "When you ruined Michael Casey's mind, he began a series of petty and stupid crimes. He was easily caught and the authorities sent him to me for analysis. I treated him for almost a year, but after your incompetent operation, he couldn't live too long. Do you follow me, Sloane? *Michael Casey died last week!*"

Sloane's lips moved. And then, strangely, he began to laugh. Laughter burst from his throat and echoed down the long hall.

He wiped tears from his eyes. "There's one thing I don't understand," he said. "Is the joke on me—or you?" He leaped forward, a gleaming scalpel in his hand.

The Web jumped to one side. He twisted, and lashed out with his left. Once, twice . . . Sloane's head shot backwards and slammed against the wall. Sloane gasped and fell to the floor.

Then The Web went to work. Speedily, he delved through Sloane's desk. In the third drawer, under a pile of unimportant papers, he found the documents stolen from the murdered medicos. With a gesture, he placed these in Sloane's unconscious hand.

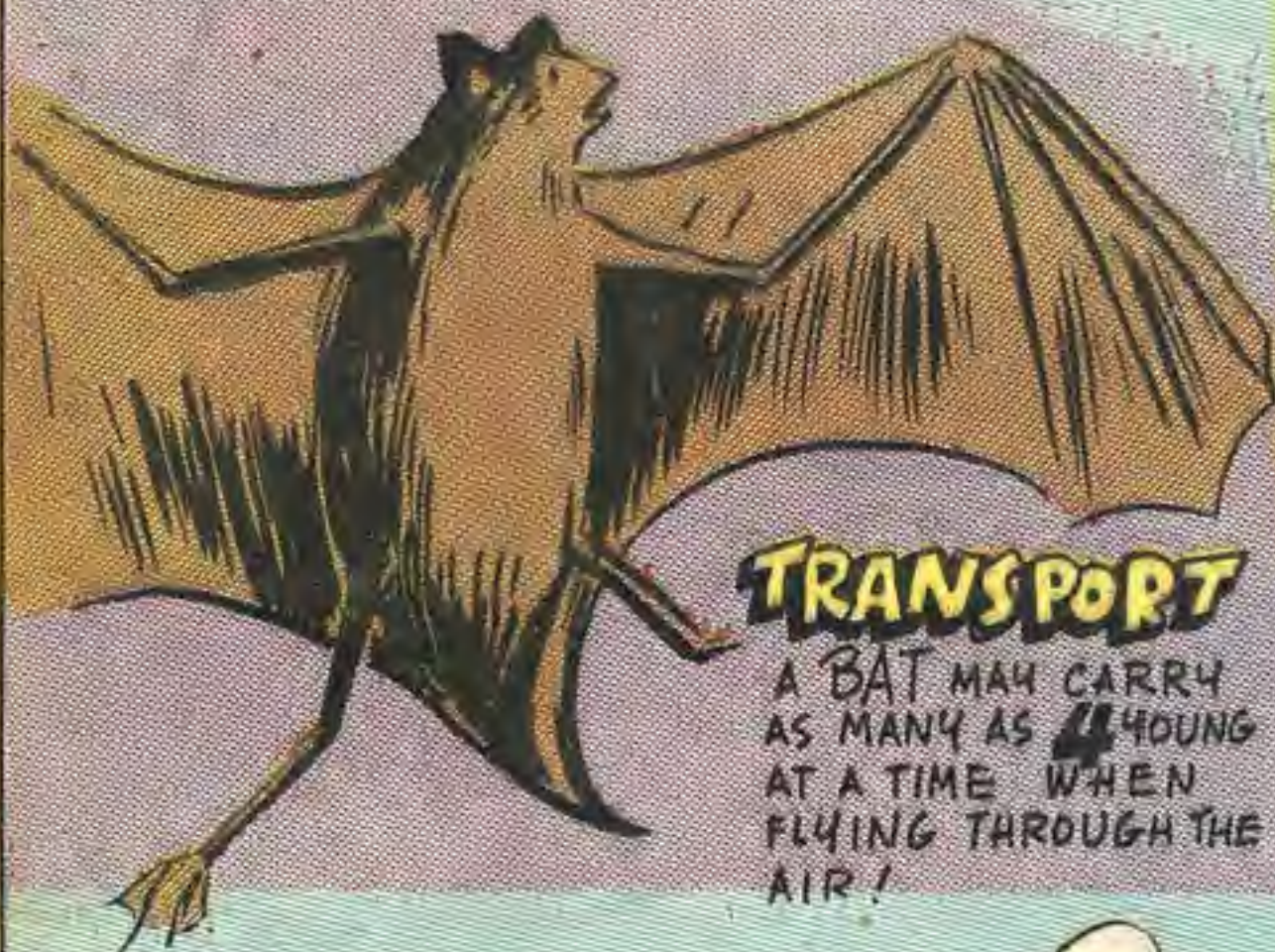
The police would be in soon to check up on Sloane's safety. They had an interesting surprise in store for them.

For a moment, The Web turned and looked at the still figure of Dr. William Sloane. Then he leaped up to the window and went out into the night.

WORLD WONDERS

RABBIT HUNT

ON CHRISTMAS DAY 1914 A
TEMPORARY TRUCE WAS
CALLED WHILE THE ENEMIES
MET ON NO-MAN'S LAND TO
KILL RABBITS!



TRANSPORT

A BAT MAY CARRY
AS MANY AS 14 YOUNG
AT A TIME WHEN
FLYING THROUGH THE
AIR!



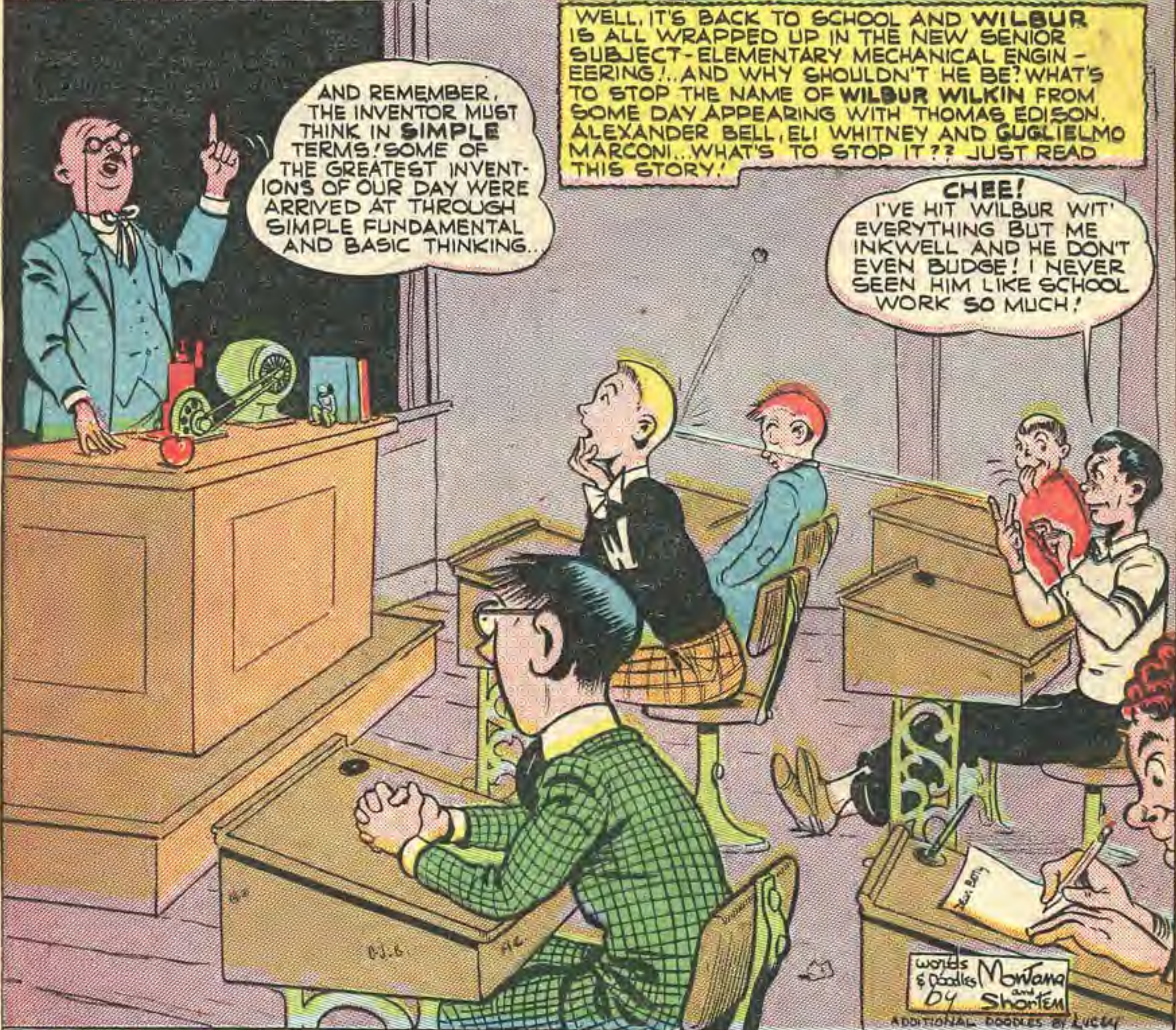
WHEN A BEAVER
IS TRAPPED UNDER
A CONTINUOUS
SHEET OF ICE
WHERE HE CAN'T
BREATHE HE
EXPELS THE AIR
FROM HIS LUNGS.
THE AIR BUBBLES
FRESHEN AGAINST
THE ICE AND HE
THEN BREATHES
THEM IN AGAIN!



THE MOUNTAINS
OF THE MOON ARE
ON THE EARTH -
LOCATED IN CENTRAL
AFRICA THEY ARE
CALLED THE
ROWENZORI MTS.

- Goss

WILBUR



AND REMEMBER, THE INVENTOR MUST THINK IN **SIMPLE** TERMS! SOME OF THE GREATEST INVENTIONS OF OUR DAY WERE ARRIVED AT THROUGH SIMPLE FUNDAMENTAL AND BASIC THINKING...

WELL, IT'S BACK TO SCHOOL AND WILBUR IS ALL WRAPPED UP IN THE NEW SENIOR SUBJECT - ELEMENTARY MECHANICAL ENGINEERING!...AND WHY SHOULDN'T HE BE? WHAT'S TO STOP THE NAME OF WILBUR WILKIN FROM SOME DAY APPEARING WITH THOMAS EDISON, ALEXANDER BELL, ELI WHITNEY AND GUGLIELMO MARCONI...WHAT'S TO STOP IT?? JUST READ THIS STORY!

CHEE!
I'VE HIT WILBUR WIT' EVERYTHING BUT ME INKWELL AND HE DON'T EVEN BUDGE! I NEVER SEEN HIM LIKE SCHOOL WORK SO MUCH!

Words & Doodles by Montana and Shortem

ADDITIONAL DOODLES BY LUCY



Y'KNOW, MARMA DUKE, THE PROF IS RIGHT! YOU'VE GOT TO THINK **SIMPLE** TO INVENT - AND I'M THE GUY THAT CAN DO IT! WHO KNOWS...I MAY BE A GENIUS MYSELF!

I'VE BEEN CONVINCED THAT I AM, FOR A LONG TIME!



SHUX! LOOK AT THE CAN OPENER...A SIMPLE INVENTION...AND WHY WAS THAT INVENTED? SOMEONE WANTED TO OPEN A CAN!



S'LONG MARMY, GUESS I'LL KNOCK MYSELF OFF A COUPLE OF INVENTIONS TODAY!

HMMPH!. THE ONLY THING YOU'LL INVENT IS AN EXCUSE FOR NOT DOING HOMEWORK!



HIYA, MOM... WHAT'S COOK- ING?

I AM! AND ALSO WASHING AND SCRUB- BING AND SCRAPPING... OH DEAR, THERE'S JUST NO END TO MY WORK!



HMMM... THIS IS AS GOOD A TIME TO START INVENT- ING AS ANY... AND I THINK I KNOW WHAT TO INVENT!



LOOK, MOM, GIVE ME THIS MOP AND YOU GO TAKE A NAP..I'M GONNA CLEAN THIS KITCHEN UP FOR YOU- AND HOW!

WILBUR! ARE YOU SICK? OR DID YOU GET INTO TROUBLE AT SCHOOL AGAIN?



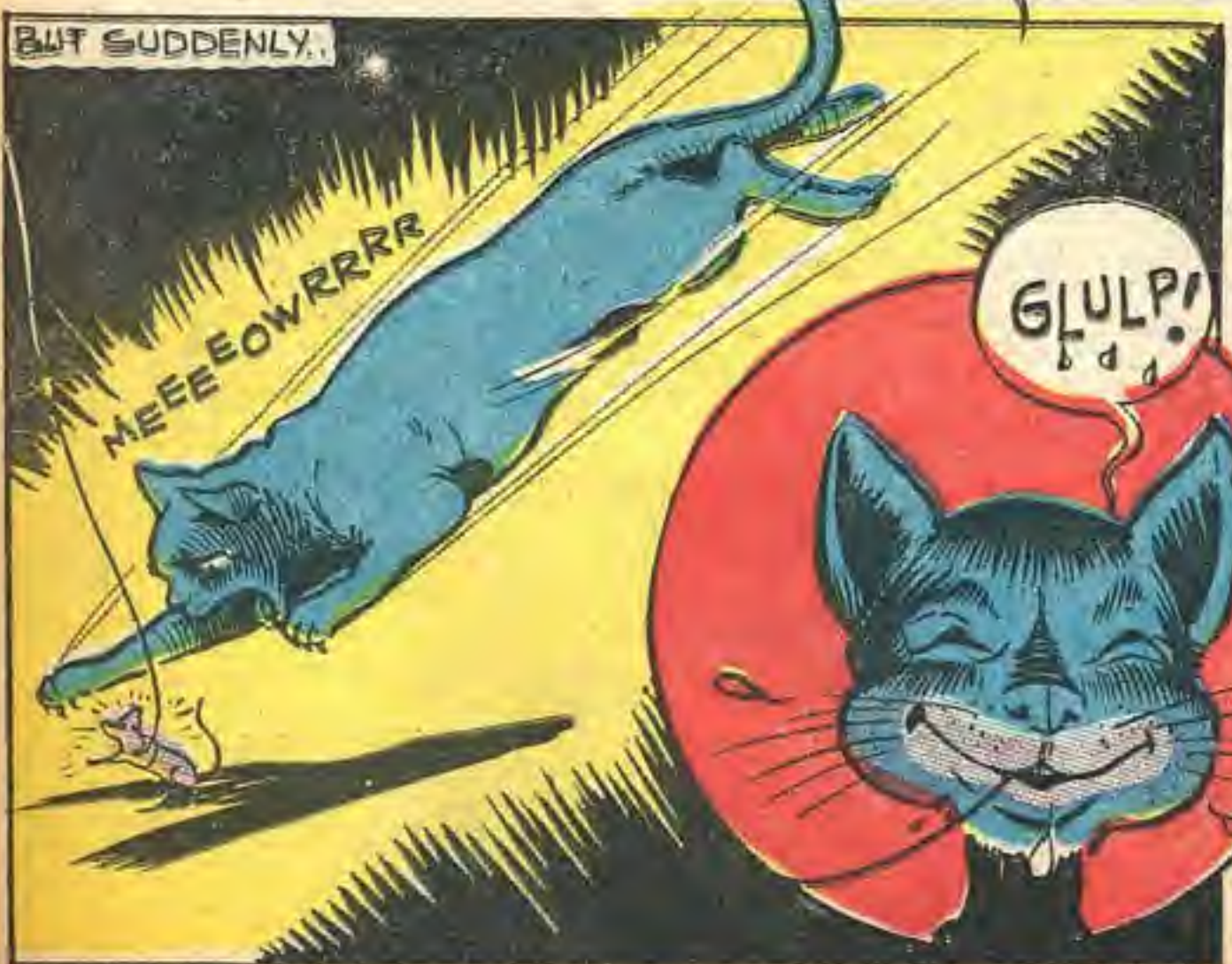
ZOWIE! THIS IS GONNA REVOLUTIONIZE THE AMERICAN HOUSE- HOLD... BE STILL, BUTCH!



GOLLY! I'M BEGINNING TO FEEL LIKE A..A GENIUS ALREADY!



SIG
'IM, BUTCH! OH BOY...OH BOY! WAIT'LL I GET THIS PATENTED...I'LL BE FAMOUS!



BUT SUDDENLY..

MEE EOWRRRR



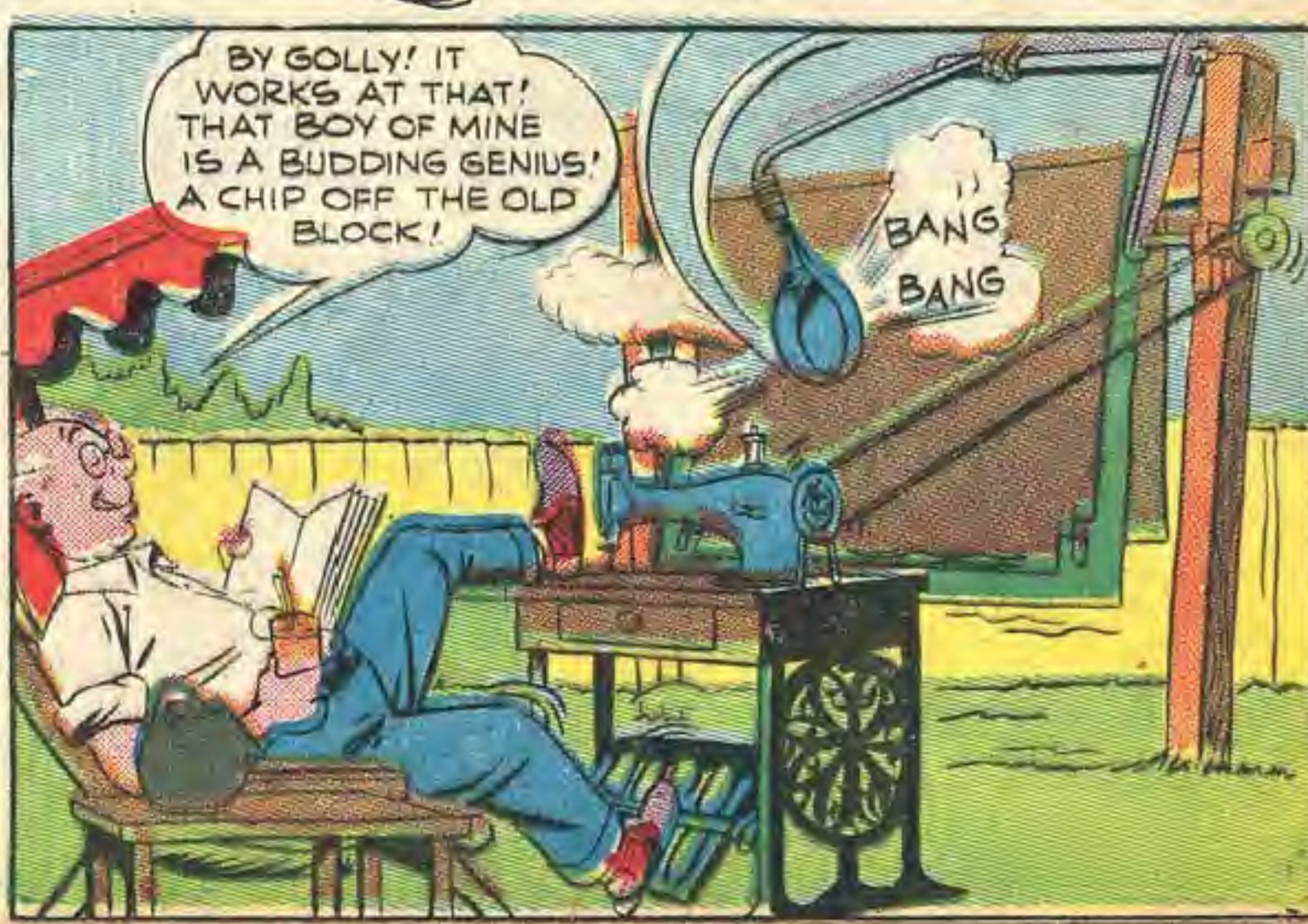
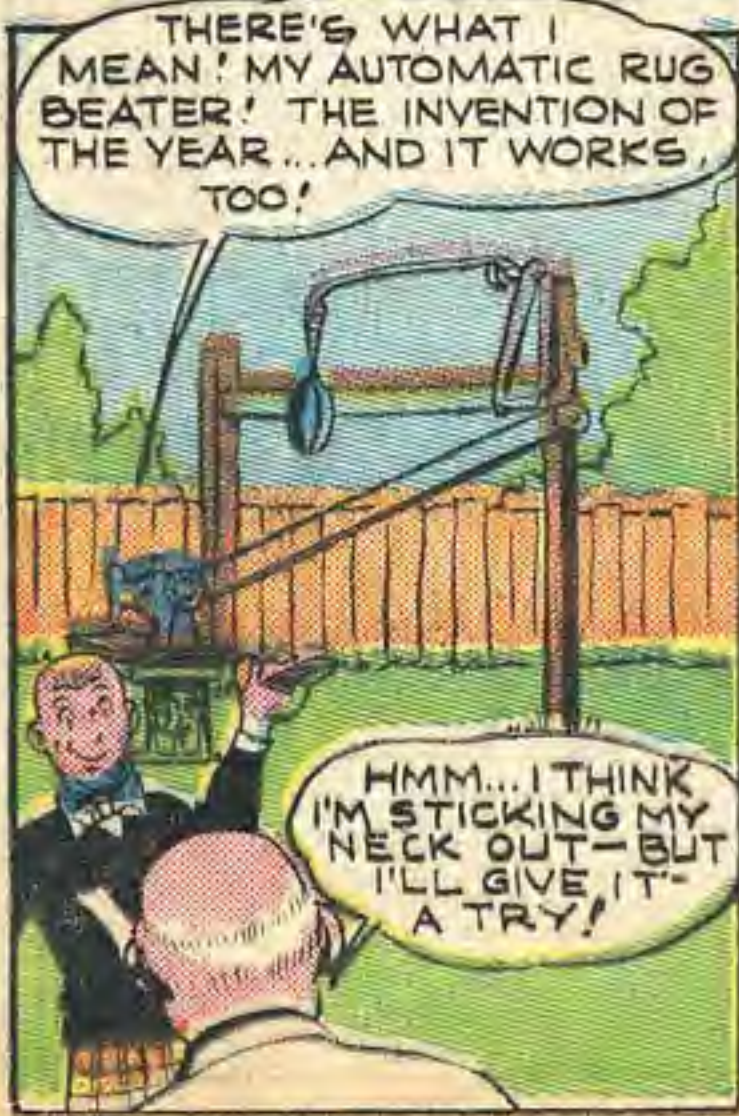
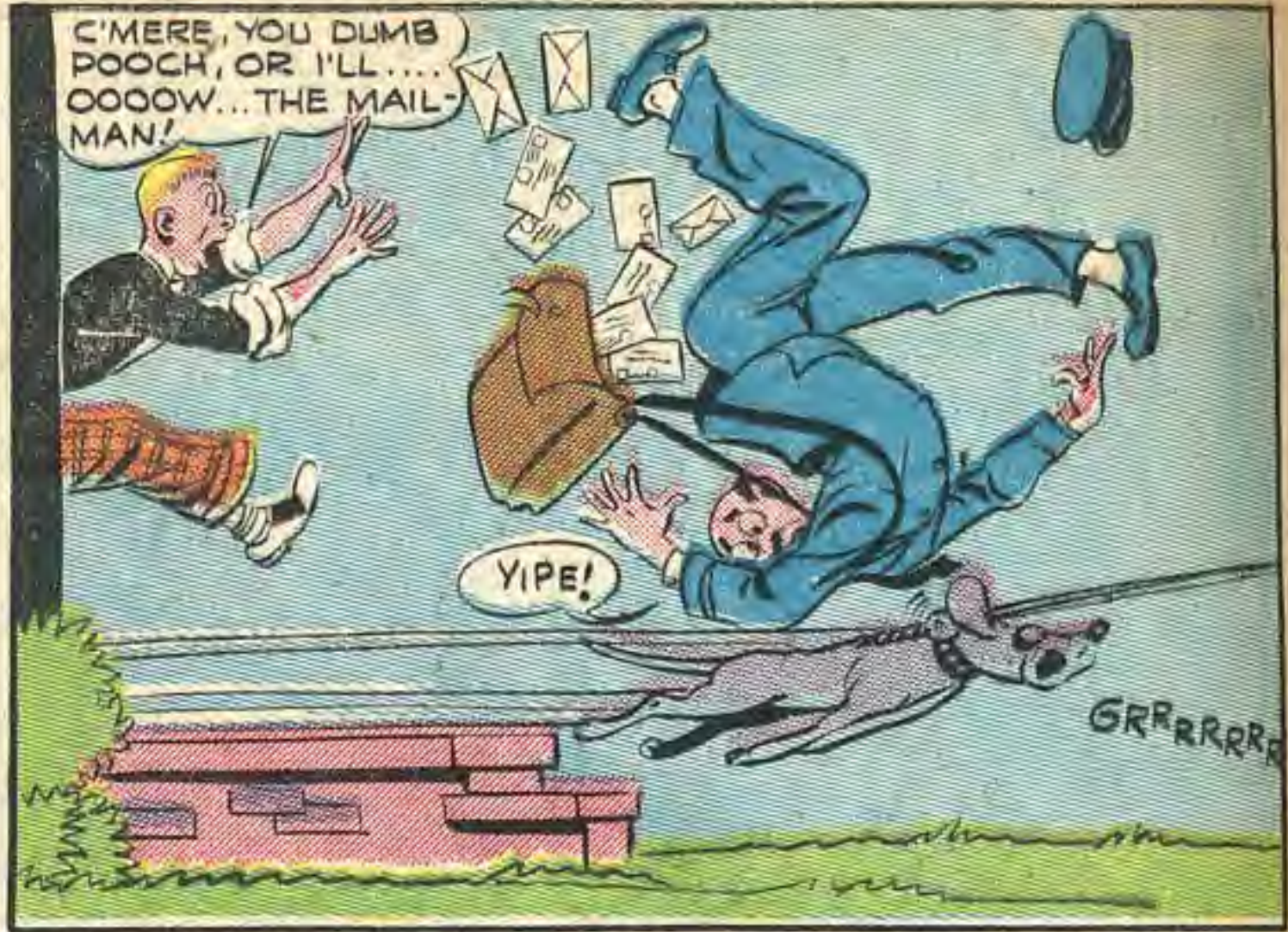
GLULP!



ULP! THE CAT'S HOOKED ON THAT LINE...I DIDN'T FIGURE ON THAT. I GOTTA GET HER LOOSE BEFORE ...BUTCH...DON'T!

ARF!
ARF!

?





BUT THE STRING
SUDDENLY TEARS...
OFF SAILS THE
FRYING PAN...

CRASH

...AND RIGHT THROUGH
THE KITCHEN WINDOW

BUT WILBUR'S AUTO-
MATIC BEATER STILL
KEEPS ON BEATING...



ROBERT! HURRY AND BRING
THE RUG IN THE HOUSE!

COMING - DEAR!
OOOW! WHAT'LL
I DO NOW?



NOW WAIT,
MARY! IT
WAS ALL
WILBUR'S
FAULT...

BOO-HOO! MY
BEST RUG, TOO!

LOOK, DEAR,
YOU KNOW
THAT MINK
COAT YOU'VE
ALWAYS WANTED.
WELL...



OH WELL...I'M NOT
DISCOURAGED! EVERY
GREAT INVENTOR HAS
SOME SET-BACKS!...
GOSH, THIS NEW ONE
OF MINE IS A TOUGH
ONE! MAYBE I OUGHT
TO GET MARMADUKE
TO HELP ME
SLIGHTLY!



AND SO, THAT NIGHT...

THAT'S STRANGE!
WHERE COULD MY
BREAD-BOX AND
DOUBLE BOILER
HAVE GONE TO?



HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT! I
FINALLY DECIDE TO GIVE ALL
THAT SCRAP THAT'S ACCUM-
ULATED IN OUR ATTIC TO
THE GOVERNMENT... AND
NOW IT'S GONE!



MOTHER, HAVE
YOU SEEN MY
RUBBER GLOVES?
THEY HAVE
DISAPPEARED!

I WISH
THESE DISHES
WOULD DIS-
APPEAR!



OH, WELL...LET'S SEE
WHAT'S ON THE AIR FOR
TONIGHT?... "MEN FROM
MARS"... THAT SOUNDS
GOOD! CONFOUND IT -
WHY AREN'T MY SLIP-
PERS AROUND WHEN
I WANT THEM!



ROBERT! THE COFFEE'S READY! HAVE YOU SEEN WILBUR? HE HASN'T HAD HIS SUPPER YET!

MARY, SHHH! THIS "MEN FROM MARS" IS THE MOST EXCITING PROGRAM I'VE EVER HEARD!

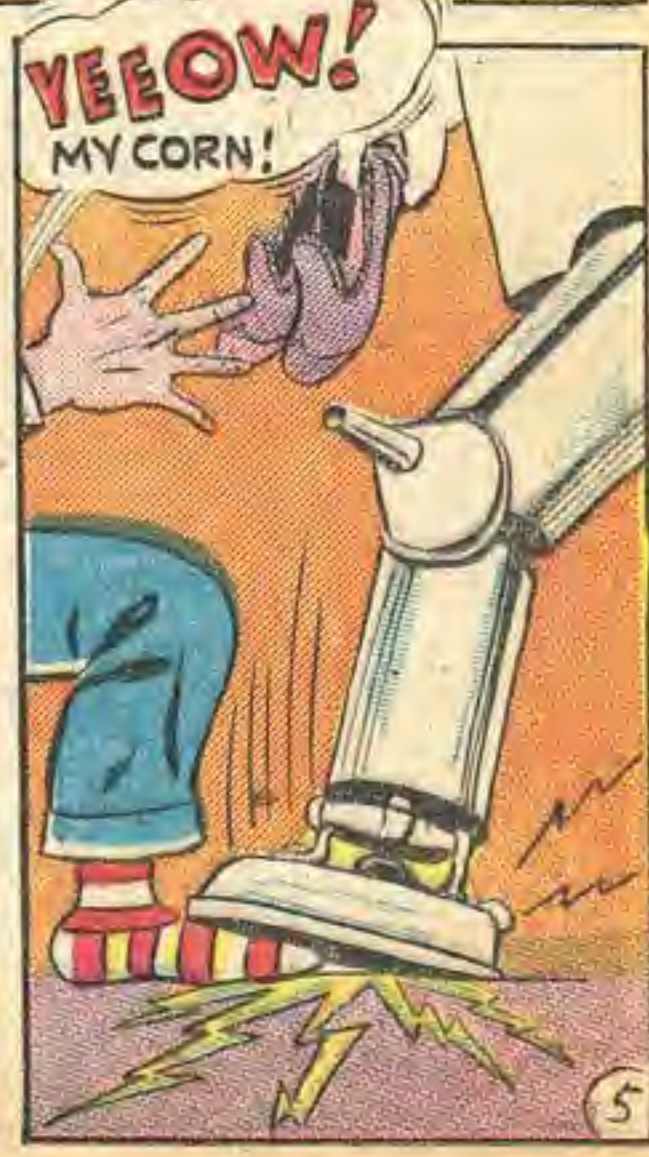
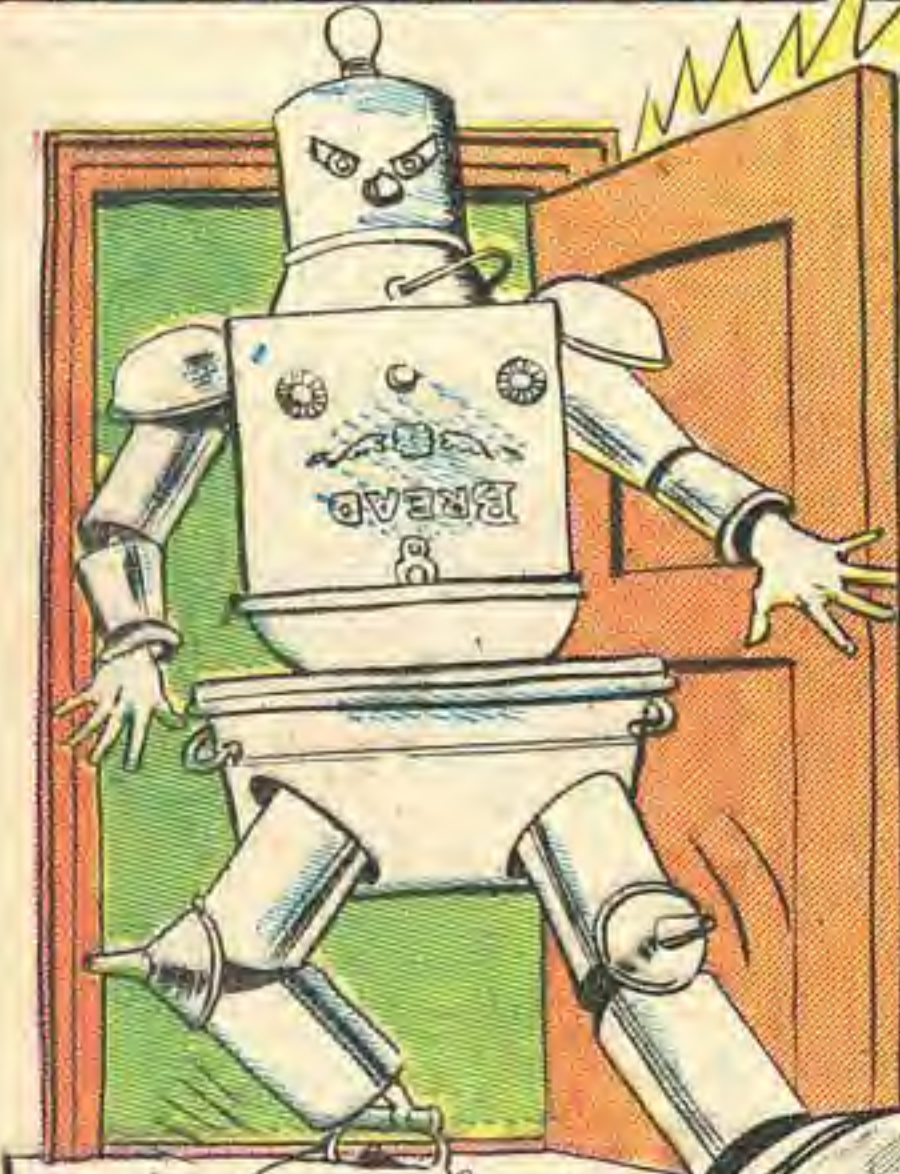
YOU ARE DOOMED, EARTHLINGS! DOOMED! OUR ROBOTS OBEY OUR EVERY COMMAND AND WE HAVE ALREADY COMMANDED THEM TO EXTERMINATE YOU! LISTEN, THEY ARE COMING NOW!

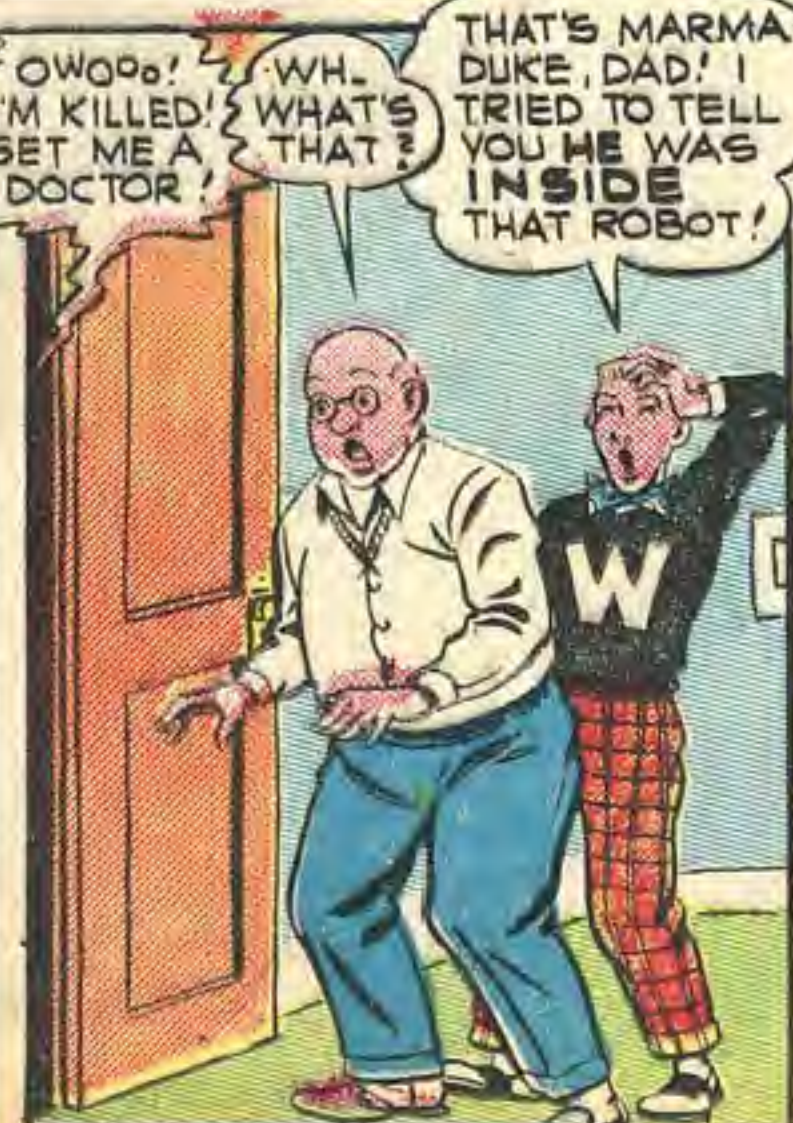
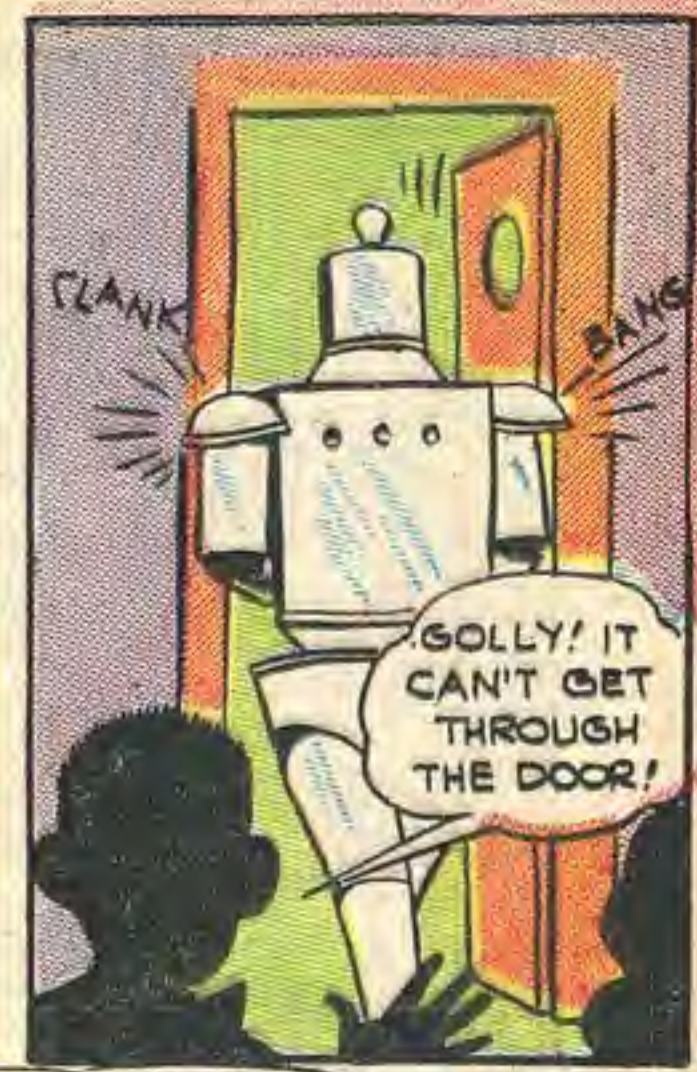
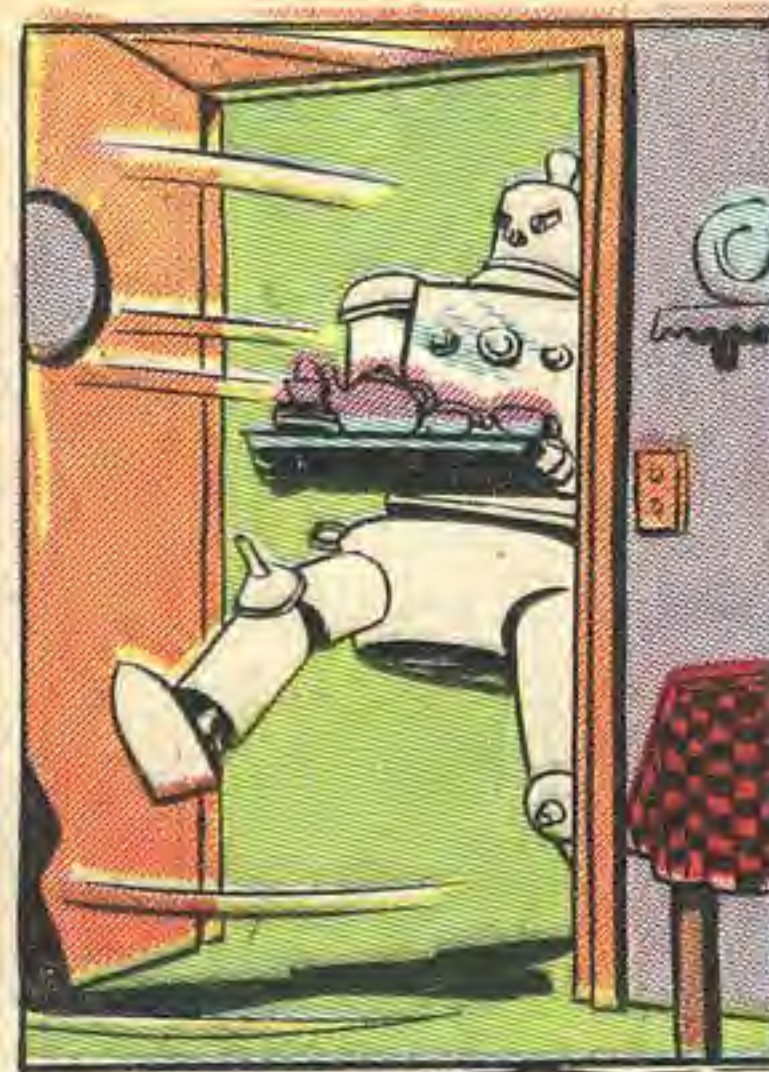
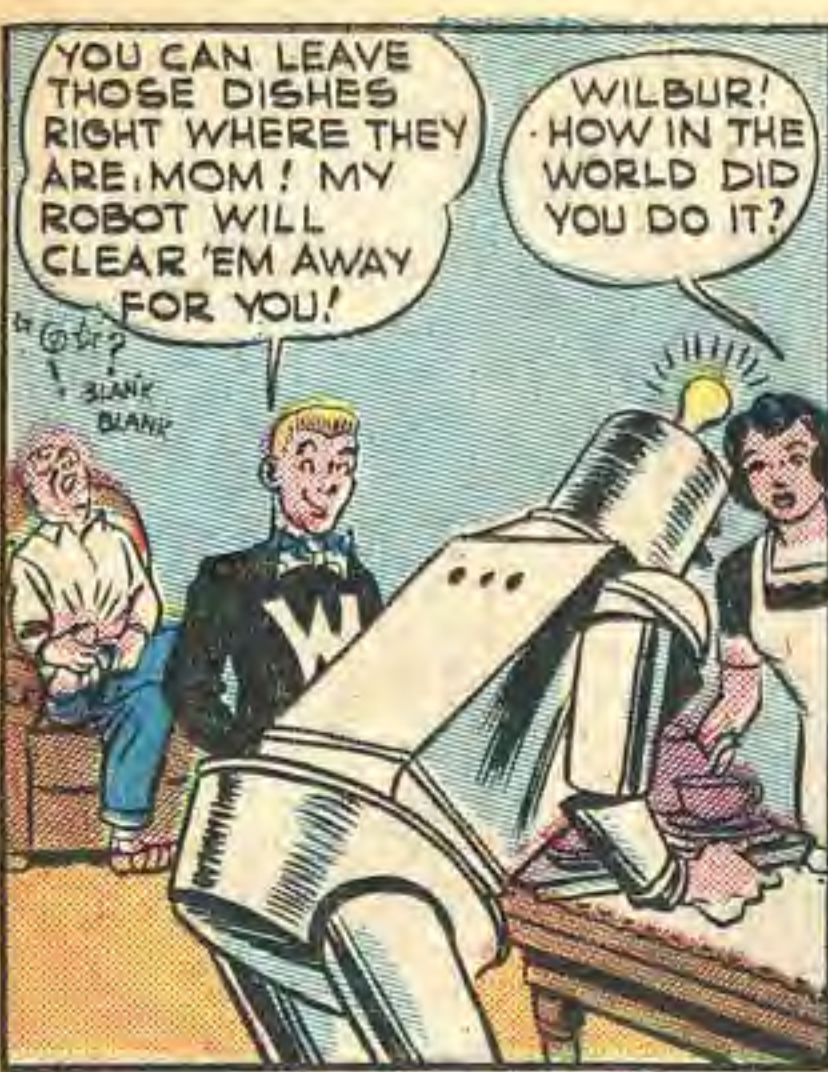
GOOD GRIEF!

GULP! WHAT'S THAT?

CLOMP!
CLOMP!
CLOMP!

CLOMP
CLOMP





ZOO

M

O

D

A

Y

BY
"RED"
HOLMDALE

ON LAND... AND IN THE
ON SEA... WHEREVER THE FIGHT-
ING IS HEAVIEST - WHEREVER
THE DANGER IS GREATEST - THERE
YOU'LL FIND THE DEADLIEST FIGHT-
ERS OF THEM ALL... THE DEVIL
DOGS OF THE U.S. ARMED FORCES -
THE U.S. MARINES, AND LEADING
THE WAY FROM THE HALLS OF
MONTEZUMA TO THE SHORES OF
TRIPOLI - THE FIGHTINGEST LEATH-
ERNECK IN THE CORPS -
PILOT ZOOM O'DAY !!!!

WELL THERE GOES
THE LAST ONE OF
'EM!



I'D BETTER HEAD
BACK TO THE BASE
NOW - BEFORE I'M
OVERDUE. OH! OH!
WHAT'S THAT!



I MUST A GOT A JAP SLUG
IN MY GAS LINE - GEE, IT
SOUNDS BAD! I'D BETTER
SET HER DOWN AND MAKE
REPAIRS -



MEANWHILE...
DOWN BELOW,
UNAWARE OF
WHAT IS GOING ON
IN THE TROUBLED
SKIES, PEOPLE
FLOCK TO A
COUNTRY FAIR...



AUSTRALIA BEING
FAMOUS AS A FIGHT-
ING COUNTRY - IT IS
ONLY NATURAL THAT
THE MAIN TENT SHOULD
ATTRACT THE BULK OF
THE CROWD.....



STEP UP, FOLKS,
AND SEE THE
GREAT LIVERLIPS
IN ACTION..

JUST WATCH
ME FOLKS!



BUT BEFORE LIVERLIPS
CAN GO INTO ACTION...

HEY, GREASY! HOLY COW!
WHAT'RE THEY A PLANE! IT'S
RUNNIN' FOR? COMIN' RIGHT
I AIN'T EVEN AT US!
BEGUN!



LOOKS LIKE QUITE
A RECEPTION
COMMITTEE!





HELLO, BOYS!
SORRY TO BREAK
UP YOUR SHINDIG.
—RAN OUTTA
GAS!



JUST A MINUTE,
WISE GUY. I WANNA
SPEAK TO YOU!



NOBODY PULLS A TRICK LIKE THAT
ON LIVERLIPS—THIS WAS THE FIRST
FIGHT THAT I'VE HAD IN ALMOST A
YEAR, AND WITH THE MONEY, I
COULD HAVE GOTTEN BACK TO
BROOKLYN! AND WHAT HAPPENS—
YOU HAVE TO BUST UP THE CROWD.
I COULD MURDER YOU. IN FACT, I
THINK I WILL!



NOW LISTEN, CALM DOWN—
LIVERLIPS—I COULDN'T
HELP WHAT HAPPENED.
REMEMBER, THIS IS WAR—!

YOU BET IT'S
WAR—AND IT'S
BETWEEN YOU AND
ME! NOW ARE YOU
GONNA COME WITH
ME, OR MUST I FLATTEN
YOU RIGHT HERE?



OKAY, IF THAT'S THE WAY YOU
WANT IT, I'LL GIVE YOU ALL THE
FIGHT YOU WANT!

THIS AIN'T GONNA
BE A FIGHT! IT'LL
BE A MASSACRE!



CHECK! I GET
WHAT YOU MEAN!

WHOOOMP!



KLOP



BOY! IF THAT'S A SAMPLE OF
HOW YOU FIGHT, MAYBE IT'S A
GOOD THING I DID BREAK IT
UP FOR YOU!

TWEET
TWEET



WELL, NOW THAT OUR
SCORE IS SETTLED,
I'LL FIX MY GAS
LINE AND SCRAM!

WHOOPEE, WOTTA
WALLOP! LOOK, PAL,
HOW'S ABOUT LETTIN'
ME TAG ALONG WITH
YOU? MY RACKET'S ALL
WASHED UP, ANYWAY!

SOME TIME LATER...

OKAY...OKAY!
I'LL TAKE YOU
BACK TO THE
BASE WITH
ME, BUT SOME-
HOW I DON'T
THINK YOU'RE
CUT OUT TO
BE A PILOT!

WOTTA
YA MEAN!
YOU SHOULD
HAVE SEEN
SOME OF
THE FANCY
DIVES I
TOOK IN
THE RING!



O.K., LIVERLIPS, WE'VE
ARRIVED - AND, BY THE
WAY, I'M ZOOM O'DAY!
SAY, YA LOOK KINDA
PALE, MAYBE YA
BETTER NOT SIGN
UP FOR THE MARINE
AIR FORCE!

I'M
AWRIGHT!



DON'T THINK YA
CAN GET RID OF
ME - BECAUSE I'VE
MADE UP MY MIND
TO STICK BY YOU -
EVEN IF IT KILLS
ME!

IT PROBABLY
WILL - BUT
FIRST YOU'VE
GOT TO TAKE
A MENTAL
AND PHY-
SICAL TEST!



AND SO LIVERLIPS IS
ABOUT TO TAKE HIS
PRIMARY TEST!!

IF YOU'LL JUST SIT IN
THERE - WE'LL BEGIN!

I-I DON'T
LIKE THE WAY
YOU SAY BEGIN!



WELL HERE I AM.
NOW WHAT?

JUST SHUT
THAT DOOR!



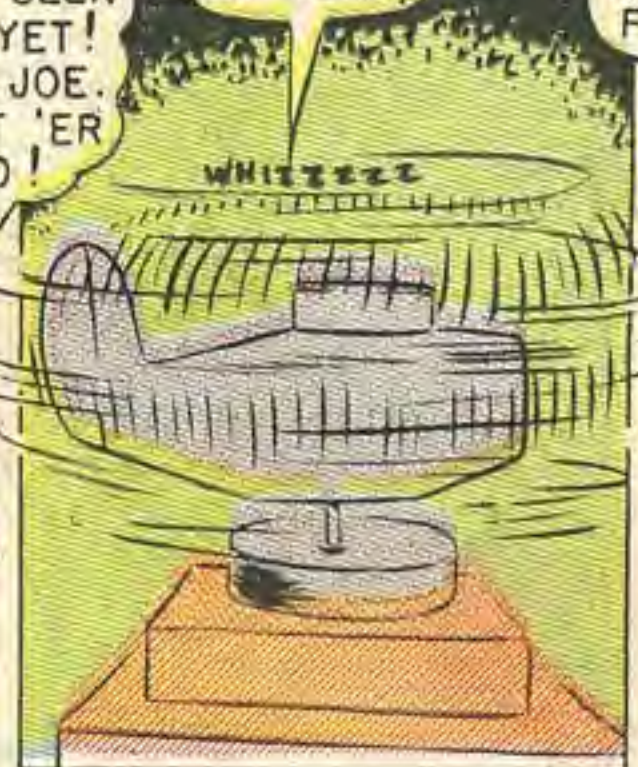
O.K., IT'S SHUT.
BUT, GOSH - IT
SURE IS DARK
IN HERE!

YOU AIN'T SEEN
NOTHING YET!
O.K., JOE.
LET 'ER
GO!



HEY!

LET ME OUT
OF HERE!



O.K., NOW TELL
ME - WHAT HAVE
I GOT IN MY
HAND?

A PICKET
FENCE!



YOU'LL HAVE TO DO
BETTER THAN THAT!
WE'LL GIVE YOU ANOTHER
WHIRL!

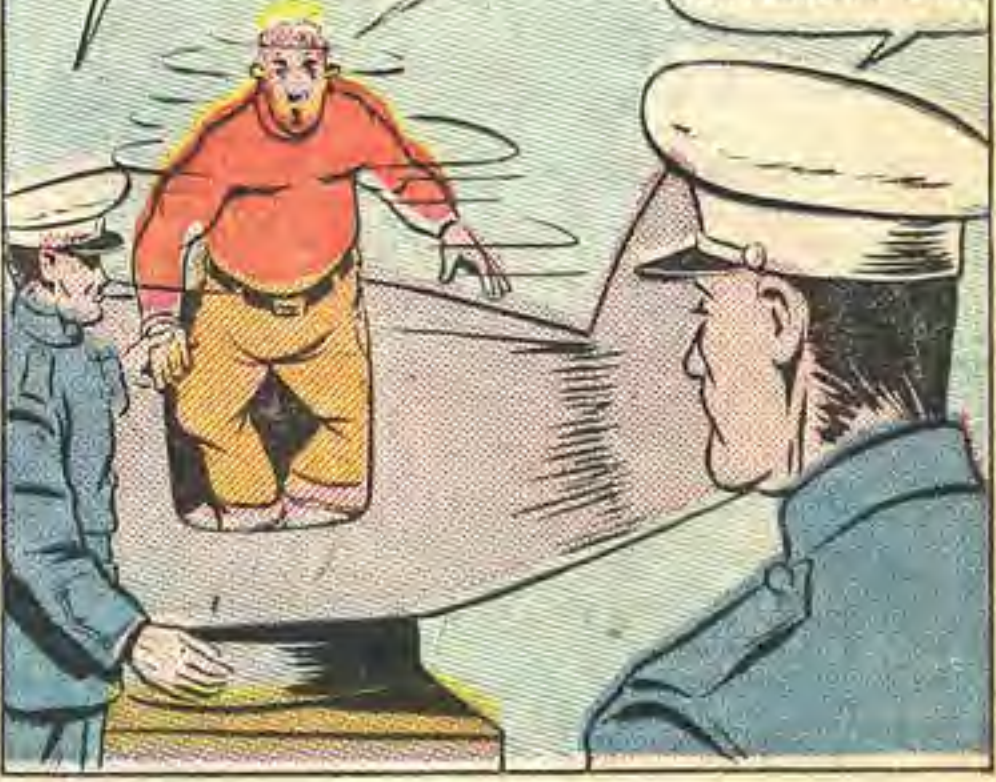
(GULP) S...SURE....
GIMME ANOTHER TRY!
I...I'LL SHOW YA THIS
TIME!



HOW DO YA
FEEL NOW!

I FEEL LIKE I JUST
MET UP WITH A GUY
WHO MISTOOK ME FOR
A LUMP OF SUGAR IN
HIS COFFEE!

O.K., NOW
ALL YOU
HAVE TO
DO IS
WALK ON A
STRAIGHT LINE





REMEMBER
YOU'VE GOT
TO STAY ON
THE LINE!

WHAT
LINE?



I'VE NEVER SEEN A
RECRUIT ACT LIKE
THIS BEFORE!

WOW! THE WAY
HE'S TAKING OFF-
YOU'D THINK HE'S
ALREADY GOT
HIS PILOT'S
LICENSE!



LATER

OH-OH-HERE COMES
LIVERLIPS NOW-GOLLY,
IT LOOKS LIKE HE
FLUNKED THE TEST!



I SURE AM SORRY, LIVERLIPS.
ANYWAY, HERE'S WISHING YA
LOTS OF LUCK!

THANKS ZOOM-I'LL
GET INTO THIS SCRAP
SOMEHOW!



WELL, I GOT TO LEAVE.
YA NOW! BUT MAYBE
I'LL BE SEEING YOU
SOON, EH?

YEAH, I'LL
BE SEEING
YA, ZOOM!

LEAVING LIVERLIPS AT THE GATE-ZOOM
PROCEEDS TO GO ABOUT HIS DUTIES,...
AND A HALF HOUR LATER HE IS ORDER-
ED TO TAKE ONE OF THE SHORE-BASED
PATROL BOMBERS ON A RENDEZVOUS
FLIGHT!!



O.K. MEN! HANG ON!
HERE WE GO! EVERY-
THING SET?

AYE!
AYE!



JEEPERS! THE TAIL
SEEMS SO HEAVY!
I CAN'T SEEM TO
LIFT IT UP!



HEY ZOOM! GET THIS
PLANE IN THE AIR QUICK!
THAT BATTLESHIP!

I'M
TRYING!



ULP!

YI - WE'RE
BEING
SCUTTLED!



WOW - THAT
WAS CLOSE!

IN A FEW MINUTES ZOOM AND HIS CREW
BEGIN TO SETTLE DOWN AFTER THEIR
NARROW ESCAPE - AND THE HUGE P.B.M.
SHIP IS WINGING ON ITS MISSION.....

THAT SURE WAS A CLOSE SHAVE BACK
THERE - I STILL CAN'T FIGURE OUT
WHAT MADE THE TAIL SO HEAVY!

... COMMANDER, A
DISTRESS CALL IS
COMING OVER THE RADIO!



THIS IS PATROL BOMBER 55PI
CALLING SUBMARINE - HOLD YOUR
FIRE ON THE S.S. ATLANTA BEFORE
WE BLAST YOU TO BITS!



IT'S FROM THE S.S. ATLANTA.
SHE'S BEING SHELLED BY A
SUBMARINE!

GET HER POSI-
TION AND TELL 'EM TO
STAND BY TILL WE
GET THERE!

LATER, AS ZOOM AND HIS
CREW APPROACH THE SCENE

THERE THEY ARE, O'DAY-
BOY! THIS IS GONNA BE LIKE
SHOOTING FISH
IN A RAIN
BARREL!

WAIT A MINNIT.
MAYBE WE CAN CAPTURE
THE SUB AS A PRIZE!



THEY'VE STOPPED,
O'DAY!

YEAH - STAND BY-
I'M GOING TO SETTLE
NEXT TO HER!

BUT AS ZOOM BRINGS THE PLANE
CLOSE TO THE SUB - ROUND AFTER
ROUND OF LEAD POUR INTO THE
BOMBERS CABIN -



WHY, THE DIRTY DOGS!
THEY'RE SHELLING US
WITH THEIR DECK
GUNS!

THEY GOT
ME!

STRAINING AT THE CONTROLS,
ZOOM MANAGES TO GET THE
PLANE READY TO ATTACK
AGAIN, BUT WHEN HE TURNS ...

SO THEY WANT ACTION, EH, MEN?
O.K. LET'S GIVE IT TO THEM -
SAY - WHAT'S THE MATTER?
GOLLY - THEY'VE BEEN HIT!
GOSH, I CAN'T CARRY ON BY
MYSELF - THE SUB'LL GET
AWAY!



BUT AT THIS MOMENT FROM THE
REAR OF THE PLANE, A FIGURE
EMERGES

SAY - WHAT'S GOIN' ON HERE -?
CAN'T A GUY EVEN TAKE A NAP
WITHOUT BEING DISTURBED?



LIVERLIPS -
WHERE'D YOU COME
FROM?

I STOWED AWAY IN THE TAIL OF THE PLANE, HOPING TO GET BACK TO THE U.S.A! BUT, GOSH, THE WAY YOU GUYS TREAT YOUR PASSENGERS—I THINK I'D RATHER SWIM BACK!



NO WONDER THE TAIL WAS SO HEAVY!

LISTEN—THERE'S NO TIME FOR TALKING NOW! QUICK, GET OVER THERE AND START WORKING THAT BOMB SIGHT—MAYBE WE CAN STILL GET THAT SUB!



WHAT DO I DO—JUST PULL THE LEVER—IS THAT ALL?

YEAH! YOU PULL THE LEVER WHEN THE TARGET COMES DEAD CENTER ON THE CROSS-HAIRS. OKAY! GET SET. HERE WE GO!



MMM...TARGET—DEAD CENTER—CROSS-HAIRS—I HOPE I CAN REMEMBER ALL THAT STUFF!

AS ZOOM SWEEPS THE PLANE DOWN TOWARD THE SUB—LIVERLIPS HAS HIS HAND ON THE BOMB RELEASE.....



(GULP) I'M SWEATIN' LIKE I JUST FINISHED 10 MILES O' ROADWORK!



BULL'S-EYE, LIVERLIPS! BOY, I COULD KISS YOU! WHAT AN EYE! YOU HANDLED THAT BOMBSIGHT LIKE A VETERAN!!



IT WAS JUST LIKE PLAYING ON A PIN BALL MACHINE!

YOU SURE DID A SWELL JOB BANDAGING MY CREW, LIVERLIPS—AND YOU'LL BE ABLE TO GET SOME WELL-DESERVED REST NOW THAT WE'RE BACK AT THE AT THE BASE!



WELL ZOOM, I GUESS YOUR CREW'LL BE ALL RIGHT, NOW THAT THEY CAN HAVE HOSPITAL CARE—(GULP) SO YOU WON'T NEED ME AROUND ANY MORE—(GULP) W-WELL SO LONG—GOLLY IT SURE WAS SWELL MEETING YOU!



WHAT DO YOU MEAN, SO LONG? SAY—YOU'RE NOT LEAVING ME! NO, SIR!

FROM NOW ON YOU'RE STAYING RIGHT HERE AT THE BASE WITH ME, AND YOU'RE GOING TO BE MY OWN PERSONAL BOMBADIER!



(GULP) GEE! GOSH—GOLLY—ZOWIE—WHO SAID THERE'S NO SANTA CLAUS!

WITH LIVERLIPS AT THE BOMBSIGHT, THINGS SHOULD REALLY START POPPING NEXT MONTH—SO DON'T MISS THE NEXT ADVENTURE OF ZOOM O'DAY!!

ZIP'S HALL OF FAME

GENERAL
DRAJA MIHAILOVICH



MIHAILOVICH !

LEADER EXTRAORDINARY OF THE
CONQUERED YUGOSLAVS A
LEADER WHOSE NAME SPELLS
HOPE FOR THE OPPRESSED!

MIHAILOVICH

A NAME THAT STRIKES FEAR INTO
THE HEART OF THE NAZI SOLDIER,
CLANKING DOWN THE LONG STREET,
KEEPING THE CURFEW IN THE CON-
QUERED VILLAGES! FEAR INTO THE
GESTAPO AND EVEN INTO THE VERY
CENTER OF HITLER'S CANCEROUS
CAMP! ZIP COMICS IS PROUD TO
INSCRIBE THE NAME OF GENERALE
DRAJA MIHAILOVICH
IN ITS "HALL OF FAME", A
NAME THAT IS A PRAYER
AND A BLESSING ON THE
LIPS OF 4,000,000
YUGOSLAVS!



IN AN OCCUPIED TOWN IN VANQUISHED YUGOSLAVIA, AN OLD WOMAN KNEELS BEFORE THE NAZI HEEL!

SCRUB DOT "V" OFF, YOU HAG!



I CAN WASH THIS "V" FROM THE STREETS - BUT IT CAN'T BE ERASED FROM OUR HEARTS!



HURRY, YOU OLD WITCH! WE NAZIS WILL BE OBEYED -- AND QUICKLY!



SUDDENLY, A THIN RED LINE POURS DOWN THE NAZI'S SHIRT! HE SWAYS ... AND FALLS!

ACH! GOTT!



RUN!...RUN FOR YOUR LIVES...IT'S MIHAILOVICH!



TRUE! IT IS MIHAILOVICH! ALL RIGHT, MEN! CEASE FIRING! DON'T WASTE MORE BULLETS THAN YOU NEED...



...ON THOSE RATS! OUR WORK IS DONE FOR TODAY! DISPERSE AND MEET IN THE MOUNTAINS!

AND IN ANOTHER VILLAGE, WHILE STARVING PEASANTS WATCH WITH HUNGRY EYES, THE GREEDY ENEMY HOARDS FOOD...



LOOK AT DOSE WEAK-LIVERED PEASANTS, HANS! HOW DEY WOULD LIKE DIS FOOD!

JA! DEY GROW DER WHEAT UND VE EAT IT, HA, HA HA, HA!



GEHT NACH HAUSE IHR SCHWEINE-HUNDE! DER FOOD IS ONLY FOR LOYAL NAZIS!

COME, MY SON! TONIGHT WE WILL HAVE NO SUPPER!



THAT NIGHT AS A LONE SOLDIER GUARDS THE WAREHOUSE...



...A SWIFT MOVEMENT AND ONE OF MIHAIOVICH'S GUERRILLAS STIFLES THE SENTRY.



MINUTES LATER, THE DOORS SLIDE BACK MYSTERIOUSLY AND...

TAKE THE SUPPLIES TO THE MARKET PLACE QUIETLY AND QUICKLY! THE TOWNS-FOLK HAVE BEEN INFORMED! THEY ARE WAITING FOR YOU!



IN THE MARKET-PLACE

HERE, BREAD FOR ALL! BE CAREFUL AND LOCK YOUR DOORS WHEN YOU EAT TONIGHT!



AGAIN, MIHAIOVICH, THE SAVIOR OF YUGOSLAVIA, HAS STRUCK! HE FIGHTS SO HIS KINSFOLK MAY EAT...





LET US LEAVE THE VALLEYS OF OPPRESSION AND FOLLOW A WINDING PATH UP TO A TINY MOUNTAIN RETREAT...

YES, WHAT DOES HE LOOK LIKE?



BUT LOOK! THIS NAZI... ISN'T HE...? YES HE IS MIHAIOLOVICH HIMSELF...



NO, AND NOT MUCH OF THE NAZIS, EITHER!



INSIDE THE BAR TENDER DRAWS STEIN AFTER STEIN OF BEER FOR HIS GUESTS!

NAZIS! HOW I HATE THOSE BEASTS! AND TO THINK I HAVE TO SERVE THEM THIS GOOD BEER!

BUT I HAVE A MESSAGE SENT TO ME FROM HIM! HE SAYS HE WILL EXCHANGE EACH ITALIAN PRISONER FOR ONE CAN OF GASOLINE!



ACH! MIHAIOLOVICH!



WE HAF REASON TO BELIEVE MIHAIOLOVICH HAS HIS HEADQUARTERS NEAR HERE! VOT VE DON'T KNOW IS VOT HE LOOKS LIKE!

HA, HA, HA! HE CERTAINLY DOESN'T T'INK MUCH OF DER ITALIANS, DOES HE?



AU REVOIR, GENTLEMEN, AND SEND MY OFFER TO EXCHANGE PRISONERS FOR GASOLINE TO HEAD-QUARTERS! I'M SURE THEY'LL BE INTERESTED!



LIKE A MOUNTAIN DEER,
THE YUGOSLAV LEADER
SCRAMBLES UP THE
SIDE OF A CLIFF...

GET HIM!
SHOOT HIM!

HE MOVES
TOO QUICKLY
FOR US TO
TAKE AIM!

HE WENT
DIS VAY!

JUST A LITTLE
CLOSER... AND

THAT TAKES
CARE OF THE
SOLDIERS! NOW
WE'LL DISPOSE
OF THE OFFICERS
AT THE INN!

THAT EVENING...

THE INNKEEPER SHOULD
HAVE LEFT BY THIS TIME!
ALL RIGHT, PAUL, BRING
THE NAZIS THEIR PRESENT!

CAUGHT UNAWARES
THE NAZIS TUMBLE
DOWN... DOWN TO
THEIR DOOM!

TO UNKNOWING
EYES, A YUGOSLAV
PEASANT IS
STROLLING DOWN
THE MOUNTAIN
PATH CARRYING
AN INNOCENT
LOOKING PACKAGE

BUT HE IS NOT A PEASANT, NOR DOES THE PACKAGE HE PLANTS AT THE BACK OF THE INN CONTAIN PRETZELS! IT CONTAINS...

EXPLOSIVES!

THOSE NAZIS WILL TAKE A LONG TRIP. AND IT WON'T BE HEAVEN!

WE'LL TEACH THE NAZIS WE CANNOT BE CONQUERED! OUR NEXT STEP IS TO HELP OUR RUSSIAN ALLIES BY HAMP-ERING THE NAZI LIFE-LINE OF SUPPLY!

THE SECRET PASSWORD IS GIVEN - AND FROM ONE END OF THE COUNTRY TO THE OTHER - TERROR TRAILS THE NAZIS! YUGOSLAVIA HAS BEEN INVADED BUT NOT - SUBDUED!



MEANWHILE AT HITLER'S HEAD-QUARTERS...

START DER SECOND OFFENSIVE ON RUSSIA AT ONCE!

BUT MEIN FUEHRER, VE CANNOT GET SUPPLIES THROUGH TO DER FRONT. VE ARE BEING SAB-OTAGED BY MIHAILOVICH!

WHY DOESN'T SOMEBODY TELL ME THESE THINGS! !!??* * * * !!

VE MUST PUT AN END TO DOT MAN! I'LL NEFER GET DER WAR VON AT DIS RATE!



COMING AT YOU LIKE MACHINE GUN FIRE IN THE NEW
JACKPOT NO. 6

BLACK HOOD

MR. JUSTICE

ARCHIE

STEEL STERLING

CLANCY AND LOONEY

SERGEANT
BOYLE

NO. 6

THRILLS WITH
STEEL STERLING AND
SERGEANT BOYLE!
CHILLS WITH
THE BLACK HOOD
AND MR. JUSTICE!
GIGGLES WITH
ARCHIE AND
CLANCY AND LOONEY!
THE MAGAZINE THAT'S
GOT EVERYTHING!

BIGGER AND
BETTER THAN EVER
ON SALE
AT ALL NEWS-
STANDS
**RIGHT
NOW!**

PEOPLE AMERICA CAN DO WITHOUT
NO. 1 — THE CASE OF MR. HOOKER

LISTEN,
MR. HOOKER!

THAT ONE-LUNG RAILROAD
OF YOURS WHICH IS ONLY USED
AS A HOBBY COULD FURNISH
THE U.S. WITH VALUABLE
SCRAP METAL. I KNOW YOU HAVE
A RIGHT TO KEEP IT, BUT DON'T BE
SELFISH--GIVE IT TO UNCLE
SAM. HE NEEDS IT! DO YOUR
BIT LIKE THE BOYS AND GIRLS
OF AMERICA! REMEMBER!
"THE SCRAP YOU TURN IN
WILL MAKE SCRAP
OF BERLIN!"

BUY
WAR BONDS
NOW!

The
MiracleMan

NO, I WON'T! THIS IS
MY PRIVATE RAILROAD AND
YOU CAN'T HAVE IT! SO
LONG AS I MAKE ONE
TRIP ---

...BEFORE TONIGHT,
THE GOVERNMENT
CAN'T REVOKE MY
FRANCHISE!

WE KNOW THAT,
BUT WE HOPED
YOU'D DONATE--

'DONATE' NOTHING!
GOOD DAY!
AND GOOD
RIDDANCE!



HELLO, MR.
HOOKER! MIND
IF I TAKE THIS
TRIP WITH
YOU?

WHAT
MASQUERADE PARTY
DID YOU ESCAPE FROM?
WHO ARE YOU?



OKAY!
AS LONG AS YOU DON'T
GET IN MY WAY, YOU CAN
STAY! THIS TRIP IS
IMPORTANT TO ME!

I'M ZAMBINI!
I ALWAYS
DRESS THIS
WAY! START
UP YOUR
ENGINE!



THIS
LITTLE RAIL
ROAD'S MY
HOBBY AND BY
LAW ALL I HAVE
TO DO IS MAKE
ONE TRIP
A YEAR!



BUT DOESN'T
THE FACT THAT
YOUR COUNTRY
NEEDS ALL THE
SCRAP-METAL IT
CAN GET MEAN
ANYTHING TO
YOU?



NOT
A THING,
ZAMBINI!



CHOO-CHOOOO
CHOOOOOOO
CHOO-OO

AS MR. HOOKER SHOVELS IN COAL TO GET UP STEAM, ZAMBINI FINGERS HIS 'MAGIC AMULET'!

HOLY SEMAPHORES!

THE COAL! IT'S STUCK TO THE SHOVEL!

I CAN'T GET IT OFF!

YOU SEEM BURNED UP ABOUT SOMETHING, HOOKER!

YOU'VE DONE THIS, ZAMBINI! BUT I CAN'T BE TRICKED INTO GIVING UP MY RIGHTS!

BUT YOU'RE DELAYING UNCLE SAM'S WAR EFFORT BY YOUR SELFISHNESS! DON'T BE PIG-HEADED, HOOKER!

ANYTHING YOU SAY! BUT YOU'LL REGRET THIS!

A SHOVEL IN MY POCKET!

OW!
MY HANDS!

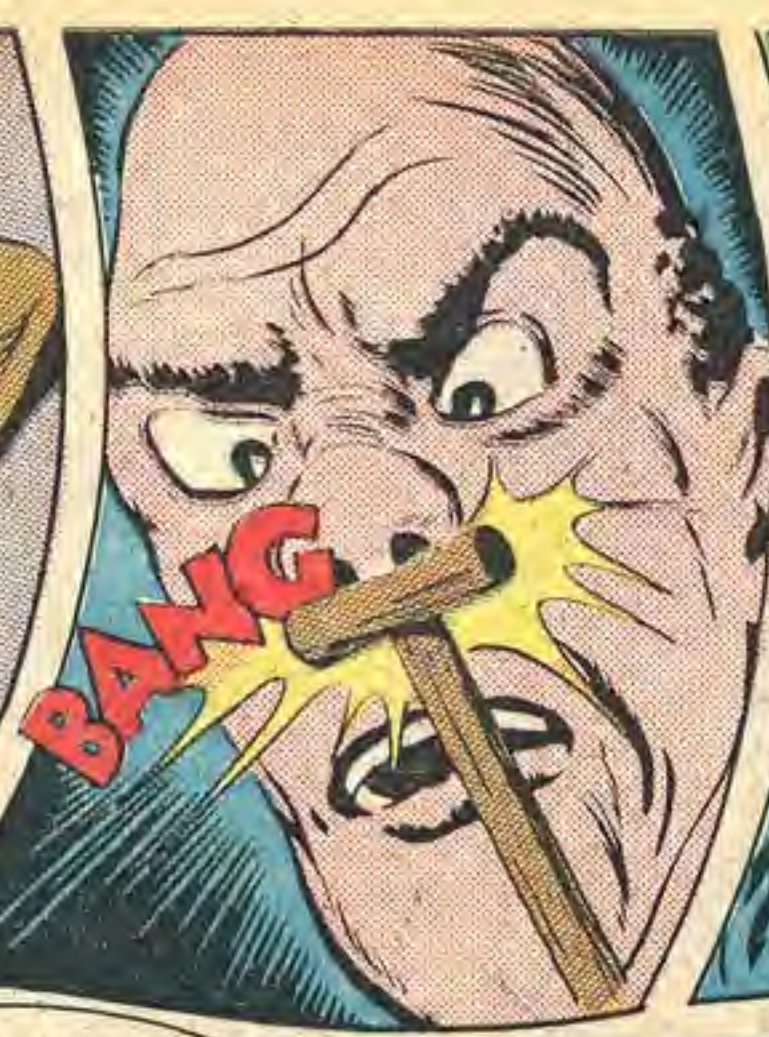
YOUR MAGIC CAN'T DELAY THIS TRIP, ZAMBINI! MY MIND'S MADE UP!

GET ME ANOTHER SHOVEL, IF YOU'RE SO SMART!

ROARING WITH PAIN, HOOKER TOSSES THE SHOVEL INTO THE FIRE-BOX



MORE OF THEM!



BANG



HERE YOU ARE! TAKE YOUR PICK!

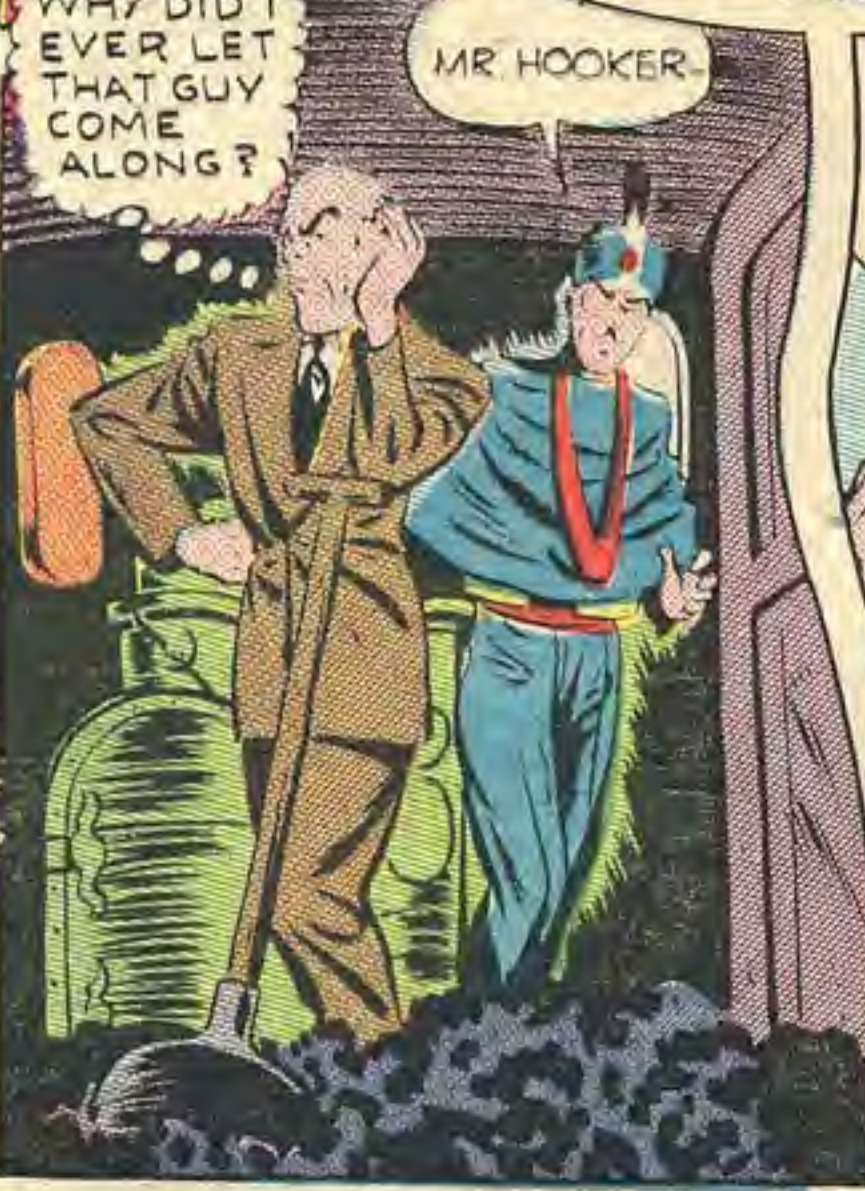
OOH! MY NOSE!



I'LL TAKE YOUR SHOVELS AND GET RID OF THEM PRONTO!



THAT'S THE LAST OF THEM! YOU CAN'T BAM-BOOZLE ME, ZAMBINI!



WHY DID I EVER LET THAT GUY COME ALONG?

MR. HOOKER-



BEAT IT!!! BEFORE I GET MAD!

DON'T YOU REALIZE HOW CHILDISH YOU'RE ACTING?



NO MORE CHILDISH THAN YOU WITH YOUR MAGIC! I'M KEEPING THIS TRAIN GOING IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO!

SUDDENLY THE COAL TURNS TO...

CORN



YOU CAN'T STOP ME! I'LL
USE ANYTHING-EVEN CORN-
TO KEEP THIS GOING!



INSIDE THE ENGINE'S
FIRE BOX...



WITH CORN AS
FUEL, THE ENGINE
SLOWS DOWN-SPRAYING
BUSHELS OF POP-
CORN INTO THE
SKY...



WE'RE ALMOST
THERE! H-HEY, LOOK!
IT'S SNOWING!




...SENDING HOOKER
SAILING OUT OF THE
CAB!

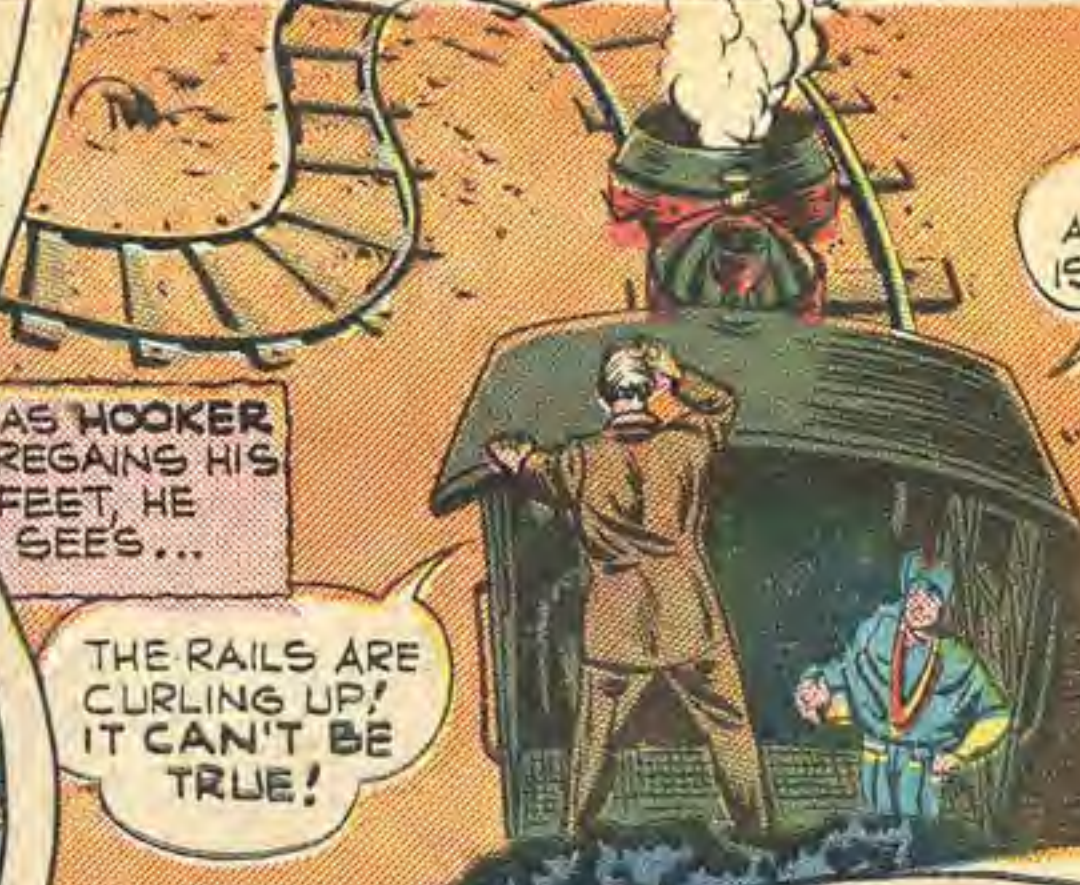
WITH A
TERRIFIC
DETONATION THE
BOILER EXPLODES.

I'D BETTER
ADJUST THE DAMPER
OR THE SNOW WILL
GET INTO THE ENGINE!






OUCH!! I'LL FINISH THIS TRIP ANYWAY, ZAMBINI! ONLY A HUNDRED YARDS MORE TO GO!



AS HOOKER REGAINS HIS FEET, HE SEES...

THE RAILS ARE CURLING UP! IT CAN'T BE TRUE!


I'M AFRAID IT IS, HOOKER!



NOW I CAN'T FINISH MY TRIP! I'LL LOSE MY FRANCHISE, AND THE GOVERNMENT WILL CLAIM MY RAILS!

YOU AND YOUR CONFOUNDED TRICKS! THIS IS HIGH-WAY ROBBERY!

LOOK HERE, HOOKER, I'M NOT INTERESTED ANY MORE IN TRYING TO MAKE YOU SEE THE LIGHT OF DAY. THE GOVERNMENT NEEDS THE SCRAP FROM THE RAILROAD AND I'M GOING TO SEE IT GETS IT!



THANK HEAVENS THERE ARE SO FEW AMERICANS LIKE YOU—AMERICANS WHO WANT THEIR PLEASURE AS USUAL WHILE OUR BOYS ARE FIGHTING AND DYING ON THE FRONTS!

YOUR KIND ARE MORE DANGEROUS THAN OUTRIGHT FIFTH COLUMNISTS, HOOKER—SELFISH, THOUGHTLESS INDIVIDUALS WHOSE ONLY CONCERN IS FOR THEIR OWN PRIVATE INTERESTS. YOU'RE A SHINING EXAMPLE OF WHAT IT MEANS NOT TO BE AN AMERICAN!

DON'T BE A HOOKER, BOYS AND GIRLS! GIVE WILLINGLY!.. EVERYONE PULL TOGETHER — AND WE'LL SET THE

BAH! THIS WAR IS NO CONCERN OF MINE!

RISING SUN AND GET THOSE NAZI SCUM! START RIGHT IN BY BUYING WAR BONDS AND STAMPS!



FOOT ITCH

ATHLETE'S FOOT

**Send Coupon
Don't Pay Until Relieved**

At least 50% of the adult population of the United States are being attacked by the disease known as Athlete's Foot.

Usually the disease starts between the toes. Little watery blisters form, and the skin cracks and peels. After a while the itching becomes intense, and you feel as though you would like to scratch off all the skin.

BEWARE OF IT SPREADING

Often the disease travels all over the bottom of the feet. The soles of your feet become red and swollen. The skin also cracks and peels, and the itching becomes worse and worse.

Get relief from this disease as quickly as possible, because it is very contagious, and it may go to your hands or even to the under arm or crotch of the legs

SEND COUPON

Disease Often Misunderstood

The cause of the disease is not a germ as so many people think, but a vegetable growth that becomes buried beneath the outer tissues of the skin.

To obtain relief the medicine to be used must first gently dissolve or remove the outer skin and then kill the vegetable growth.

This growth is so hard to kill that a test shows it takes 15 minutes of boiling to destroy it; however, laboratory tests also show that H. F. will kill it upon contact in 15 seconds.

DOUBLE ACTION NEEDED

Recently H. F. was developed solely for the purpose of relieving Athlete's Foot. It both gently dissolves the skin and then kills the vegetable growth upon contact. Both actions are necessary for prompt relief.

H. F. is a liquid that doesn't stain. You just paint the infected parts nightly before going to bed.

H. F. SENT ON FREE TRIAL

Sign and mail the coupon, and a bottle of H. F. will be mailed you immediately. Don't send any money and don't pay the postman any money; don't pay anything any time unless H. F. is helping you. If it does help you, we know you will be glad to send us \$1 for the bottle at the end of ten days. That's how much faith we have in H. F. Read, sign and mail the coupon today.



GORE PRODUCTS, INC.

810 Perdido St., New Orleans, La

Please send me immediately a bottle of H. F. for foot trouble as described above. I agree to use it according to directions. If at the end of 10 days my feet are getting better, I will send you \$1. If I am not entirely satisfied, I will return the unused portion of the bottle to you within 15 days from the time I receive it.

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A.



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GEN. DOUGLAS MacARTHUR

FREE!

To the readers of this magazine we are giving a copy of a portrait picture drawn by a famous American artist of America's number one hero in the Battle of the Pacific. This picture of General MacArthur is 5 1/2 x 8 1/2 inches and is most suitable for framing. This picture can be obtained by reading the instructions below.

AMAZING

The COMICSCOPE is a camera PROJECTOR that measures seven inches long, seven inches deep and three inches wide. By attaching it to any electrical lamp or socket which you have at home, AC or DC current, it is ready for use. Any one can operate it easily. All pictures, comic magazine strips, newspaper comics, daily and Sunday newspapers, can be used as "film" in the COMICSCOPE and flashed on the wall or screen. You can draw your own pictures, make your own "film" and project them. Now you can take your own Hollywood screen tests by projecting your own and family snapshots. There are no coupons to save. Astonish your friends and win new popularity. Give picture parties, charge admission, make money.



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